PROPERTY OF THE NEW YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY

Spirit of the Times

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE } CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1839.

VOL. IX.—No 42.

Contents of To-day's Paper.

SPORTING DEPARTMENT— page

Mobile (Ala.) Fall Races 499
Broad Rock (Va) Fall Races .... "
Camden (S. C.) Fall Races .... "
Fairfield (Va.) Fall Races .... "
Letter from Pete Whetstone 498
Sporting Epistle from Alabama .... "
The Springfield Hunt .... "
Two Tussles with Varmint ; and a Preface thereto .... "
Boston and Wagner .... "
The New Orleans Races .... "
English Sporting—
Latest State of the Odds 493
Betting at Manchester .... "
Pedestrianism 502
Splendid Run with Mr. Robertson's Hounds 493
Scotland against England 500
Etal Tillside Games .... "
Pigeon Shooting .... "

THEATRICAL DEPARTMENT— page

Things Theatrical for the Week 504
Theatrical On Dits .... "
Theatrical Property .... "

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Chapter in the History of a Tyrone Family 495
Sporting Reminiscences of Charles Mathews 494

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

Massachusetts Swine 501
Breeding and Rearing Horses for Agricultural Purposes .... "
Cow Houses .... "
Improvement in Stock .... "

MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.

Death of A. A. Locke, Esq 493
City Themes .... "
Intercepted Correspondence .... "
Astley. Ducrow, and their 'osses 494
Reading Room Loafers 502

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Senior Editor is at length "At Home," and will resume his editorial chair next week, with renewed health and spirits. Since his arrival, his leisure has been constantly employed in executing a thousand commissions for friends he met in the West and South, where he experienced every attention and hospitality which so eminently characterize the citizens of Kentucky and Carolina. A huge pile of letters in relation to stock, trainers, and all the paraphernalia of the turf, demanded his immediate attention, and have thus far engrossed him ; next week, however, he will be able to "show his hand."

Half a dozen letters relative to Eclipse horses have been received, which the editor will be able to reply to at length in a few days.

Every drawer and pigeon-hole in the editor's sanctum is filled with communications ; some of them *look* very interesting, and the earliest leisure will be improved in inspecting their contents.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 21, 1839.

LATEST FROM ENGLAND.

Just as our paper was going to press, the packet-ship *South America*, Capt. Bailey, arrived from Liverpool, bringing us London dates to the 21st Nov.—We have not been able to find any news, thus far, in our researches—that is, nothing sporting or theatrical.

The Queen had summoned all her Privy Council, to attend her on the 21st ult., "to receive a communication," &c. This relates to her marriage, of course, which seems to be definitely determined upon.

The suicide of Mr. Sims, a Bank Director, and President of several great Rail Road Companies ; excited much conversation. Pecuniary embarrassment, from his operations in the Spanish funds, was assigned as the cause.

Miss Delcy, (or rather Lacy), the new musical star, is much praised in the weekly papers. The "Examiner" thinks the fortunes of Drury Lane will be turned by her. Hitherto, Hammond has been unfortunate.

Cotton has improved since the Liverpool left, and was in active demand at the advanced rate. Good news this for the South.

The new plays of Knowles and Bulwer were still running successfully.

The Duke of Wellington had been dangerously ill, but on the 20th was thought out of danger.

Arthur Pavis, the Jockey, is dead. He expired at Newmarket on the 15th, after an illness of two days only.

The Liverpool Trotting matches will come off as previously announced.—Another arrival will probably bring the result.

CITY THEMES.

We have as yet no Message, and it has been looked for in vain so long, that no one now seems to care whether it comes or not. It was one great point gained towards the delivery of a Message, to choose a Speaker. That feat was accomplished by a majority of one or two, on Monday last. The immediate fruits of the election, however, have been a renewal of the Jersey question. For our own parts, we insist upon it that New Jersey ought to defray the expense of the House thus far ; it will learn that State how to make out certificates, or, rather, how to make up election returns another time. Here are we, on the 21st of December, and no business yet transacted by Congress, which each day costs the Nation some thousands of dollars—and in these hard times, too! Just think of it!

To enliven us in this slough of despond, occasioned by the dearth of news, a Philadelphia Bank has been getting up a row. One of their Cashiers has been cribbing—for the benefit of the Bank, he says—to the extent of about $1,200,000. A fraud so immense would, at any time, cast a stigma upon the grood name of a city, but it is doubly blighting in its effects when all the banks of that city are unfortunately under a cloud. But the Philadelphia papers meet the subject aright, and score the knave with determined vigor.

But the Schuylkill Bank theme having palled a little upon us, two brokers, yesterday, got up a set-to for the amusement of the town. The claret flowed freely, and some good is anticipated from the "blood letting." As the story goes, the biggest man was flogged, showing, conclusively, that "some things can be done as well as others."

DEATH OF MR. A. A. LOCKE.

The following sad announcement we copy from the New Orleans "Daily Times," of the 7th inst.

At the St. Charles Hotel, at about noon yesterday, Mr. A. A. Locke, formerly of Boston, latterly a resident of New York, but more recently of this city. His remains will be interred at 10 o'clock this day, the procession starting from the St. Charles Hotel.

We had the pleasure not only of the acquaintance, but the friendship of the deceased. He was a man but little known in this community, owing to his retired habits, and his studious disposition. The friends he made were nearly as numerous, however, as his acquaintances, and all who knew him, admired not only the brilliancy of his talents, his sober judgment and his pleasant wit, but also the equanimity of his disposition, the candor of his words, and the tried purity of his feelings. As a scholar, his productions were chaste, polished and classic, evincing great research into the mysteries of learning, and great tact in their application to useful purposes—as a poet, he was warm in his imaginings, rich in language, and happy in expression. New Orleans has witnessed many of his efforts, yet perhaps without appreciating them as they should be. Mr Locke was a brother of Mrs. Frances Osgood, the sweet and celebrated American poetess, whose delicate and feeling strains have delighted in England, as well as in her own country. We know that she loved her brother tenderly, and can assure her, should these lines ever meet her eye, that the affection was mutual, and never for a moment was suffered to languish. We should be wanting in our duty did we not state, that during the whole period of Mr. Locke's sickness, the utmost attention has been extended to him by Mr. McDonnell, of the St. Charles Hotel, not only at Pass Christian where he spent the summer, but also after his removal to the city. He died much regretted by all who knew him here, and his friends at the north have the consolation, that he lacked no temporal comforts in his last hours.

The editor of this paper cannot forbear adding his humble tribute to the memory of Mr. Locke. He was for a long while attached to the press of this city, and during the whole period he was known to us as a warm-hearted, devoted friend. He possessed genius of a high order, and a taste refined by long familiarity with classic literature ; passionately fond of poetry, he was himself a poet of no mean order. But his duties called him to descant in sober prose upon the commonplace events of life, and over everything he touched he threw the fascination of a playful wit, and a brilliant style.

But it was as a companion in his sports that he was most highly cherished. Mr. Locke was a devoted disciple of Izaak Walton—an enthusiastic brother of the angle. He has often stolen away with us from severe toils, to seek pleasure in "the running brooks." On such occasions he was the best of companions—cheerful, patient, enterprising—always encountering his share of the *work* to be done, as well as participating with zeal and delight in the sport.

Mr. Locke was endeared to all in this city who knew him intimately, and there are very many whose regrets at his untimely end will mingle with the tears of the family which he adorned—a family eminent for the rich qualities of genius and intellect.

INTERCEPTED CORRESPONDENCE.

SUKEY FLOUNCE TO HER COUSIN, CHARLES YELLOWPLUSH, ESQ.

London, fust Novem., 180039.

Letter I.

Dear Kuzzin,—Your He Pistols as gon off butiful—they ar red all over. My missus, the stok-broker's wif, says that you must be a hout-an-outer, and that she shud so like to se yur person, as she says she is shur you are brim full of the rite stuff. If you av no objecshun, kum to the airy dore at nine to nite, and I will pop you into the kole-ole till old Gripe is gon a snoring, and then you and missus can av a settoo in the kitching. She is quite fond of bukes, and nose the hole of Jorge Barnwil by art ; she also aks plays, an' maks us all cry, she so tuches our felines ; her grate parts are Leer, and the Fare penny-taint, wich you no are not to be sneesed at. Mr. Gripe is verry proud of his ribb, and says she is a horniment to his family ; he allows her every liberty, and letts her spend as mutch as she chuses, without axing enny impropper kwestshuns. Oh! Charles, 'ow I shud like such a usban, we shud be as appy as the day's long : no kworrelin, no fiting, no nuthing ; vot a go it wud be! And do you no, Charles, I sumtimes think the old cock looks a little softish at me, as much as to say, Sukey, if my wif was tose upperds you shud be Mrs. G. Besides, last Tusedy 3 weeks he skweeged my and, and wen I tried to extripate it, he dropt a shillin on the flore, wich I pict up, and he told me to kepe it. If this dont mene summit I'm a kunjurer. So if he tries to kum any of his nonsens over me in that way, I'll fix his flint for him in no time. But if he has any serous feelins about me, and missus is a little spooney arter you, wy you and I mite make sum kumforbel arrangement to sute awl partys, for you mus no that the plait chest is ful, and missus has lots of trinkits, nun of wich wud be mist till they was nearly all gone, and if they kicked up a bobbery, we could turn tail upon both and expose 'em, wich they wud not like on akount of there feelins. Be shure and kum to nite, and try it on with missus, and I'll fidgit about master, and draw him on a bit. Although the law is verry severe, they can't make buglery of the bissiness, wich will save us from Botney Ba. If we does the thing klene and andsum, we will take a otel in the kuntry, and be as grand as other big fokes ; but if we are found out and kocht, we must suffer as other marthias av dun, and bare our reverses with christmas fortitud. Be in good spurrits, Charley, as we ar. Old G. keeps the kee of the wine seller, but Drane the butteler as got one maid to fitt, and I ashure u he is a most libral feller, and wont let us distend to enything but shampane and shery brandy. He says that all other lickers is vulger, and only sutable for the upstartable Harry Sockercy—I don't no oo he menes. The nite before last, Mr. Drane, oo is wide awake at duing things, ad a snug little de Juny ; the kumpny asembled at 10, and dansed in the pantry till 12, when they adjurned to the kitchen, and fell too at the De Juny supper, after which they dansed quod reels, and drank klarret dose a dose ; betwix you and I, the dose was rather stiffish, for kookey was carred up to bed a little the wus for it, and coud'nt get up next morning to gril master's kidnys, wich are alwas on the brekfus tabel. We are promissd a treat to the Hoprer, to here the grate Tally Hony, oo they say sings like a niting girl, and rides about the stage in a silver shay, giv to her by the grand Turk for singing him to sleep, instead of opyum. Wen she was in Rooshy she receved lodes of presens from the hire klasses, consistin of furze and skins, such as mufs and tipits, also a tremendus sabel bore from the Hemprer imself. Wot a place that Rooshy must bee ; master was saying at a dinner party that thay giv 10 ginnees for a pare of mostarshis, and that the price had ris, oing to a grate demand having sprung up for the Noo York market, ware they go off at eny price, and in eny quanty. Mr. Drane taks our famly to Common garden to nite ; I remane ome, it being my turn. He torks of givin a sickwell of partis, wen the parler fokes gose to Bryten ; they wil no dout be verry agreeble. I av put yur name on his visiten list, and you'll be axed, so kepe your best klose for the okashun, and wate on table in yur old toggery. He cals the partis verry funny names, but I can't understand them, for instans, Tablo olly four sheet—Dejoony wewong—Dinny musikal—Concert dance song, and sevral more rooshan names, wich, in coarse, he is, as he says, o'fie in. Mr. Drane is a man of grate nollige, woud you beleve it, he nose the orignal names of all the wines in the seller ; yes, and the qoli.y too, and ow long they will kepe, for he says it would be groce injustis to his good master to allow such capitol stuf to turn sower. In my nex i will give you sum purtikles of the too Miss Gripeses, who (enter now, as Mr. Drane says in Frans) hav got littal affares of thare own, but as thay ar rather intrikit it will no dout be a wurk of laber, however, as the poit says Time uncovers all things and so i shall bring my billy doo to a closing.

Your affec't Kuzzin, Sukey Flounce.

P.S. Drane duzzent go snuff—cant you manege to slip an ouns of Black rappy into my and slyly.

English Sporting.

LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS.

[From Bell's Life in London.]

Monday, Nov. 4th.—The settling for the Nursery Stakes and other races decided on the last day at Newmarket took up the early part of the afternoon, and was tolerably heavy ; we cannot add that it was altogether satisfactory, inasmuch as several parties were not present, even by deputy, to pay and receive ; many, we are aware, are to be blamed only for want of consideration, but there are some whose motives for absenting themselves are not at all honorable to them ; their creditors, forsooth, must wait their pleasure till the Craven Meeting—upwards of five months! Had the balances been on the right side there can be little doubt that they would have been in their places, and the first to exclaim against others. We should like to see some plan adopted to put a stop to this shifty work—the black board, recommended by us ten or twelve years ago, would answer the purpose. The Derby betting was not deficient in interest ; the Angelica party mustered in considerable force, and, from 20 to 1, advanced their pet a couple of points ; Wardan and Launcelot were mentioned occasionally, and the former backed for a trifle ; the closing prices against the three was 18 to 1 each ; we cannot say which had the call. Several attempts were made to back Lord Jersey's horses at 11 to 1, a point more than any one would bet ; 20 to 1 was taken about Glenorchy, and we believe that two or three points more would have been taken about the other. 2000 to 100 was laid against Bro to Euclid, and 22 to 1 offered subsequently. Grey Milton had several supporters : his first price was 30 to 1, taken freely ; his second 28 to 1, also taken ; his final one 25 to 1, offered. Bokhara was in some favor at the last Newmarket quotation ; against the other three in this lot (Sir G. Heathcote's) any odds may be obtained. 16 to 1 was taken about Pocahontas for the Oaks, in hundreds, and 4 to 1 agst. Crucifix, who is not in favour at present. The bet of 6000 to 100 agst. Bonnet Rouge, included in the list of this day's prices, was made at Newmarket on the Saturday previous.

Thursday, Nov. 7th.—We did not hear above half a dozen bets in the course of the afternoon, and as three or four out of the small number of subscribers present spoke of starting for country quarters, we may look for a dull winter at "the corner." The position of the three favourites was, relatively, the same as on Monday ; 17 to 1 was offered on the field, and nothing done that would enable us to say positively which was the best favourite ; it struck us, however, that if either had the choice it was the Angelica colt. The list of prices will show that business was too dull to admit of further comment. 3 to 1 was offered agst. Crucifix for the Oaks, *not p. p.*, and 4 to 1, p. p.

MONDAY.	DERBY.	THURSDAY.
11 to 3 agst	Scott's lot	
8 to 1 —— (tk)	J. Day's lot	
10 to 1 ——	Lord Jersey's lot	10 to 1 agst
12 to 1 —— (tk)	Lord Exeter's lot	
18 to 1 ——	Angelica colt	17 to 1 ——
18 to 1 ——	Wardan	17 to 1 ——
18 to 1 ——	Launcelot	17 to 1 ——
20 to 1 ——	Glenorchy	
22 to 1 ——	Muley Ishmael	
22 to 1 ——	Bro. to Euclid	
25 to 1 ——	Grey Milton	25 to 1 ——
32 to 1 ——	Bokhara	33 to 1 —— (tk)
33 to 1 ——	Bro. to Melbourne	
50 to 1 ——	Morgan Rattler	
6000 to 100 —— (tk)	Bonnet Rouge	
2000 to 30 —— (tk)	Defendant	
2000 to 30 —— (tk)	Black Beck	
6 to 4 ——	Ld. Jersey's, J. Day's, & J. Scott's lots	
	Wardan agst Grey Milton	1200 to 800 on Wardan
	Muley Ishmael agst Launcelot and Glenorchy separately for 200 each	Even
	OAKS.	
4 to 1 agst	Crucifix	
16 to 1 —— (tk)	Pocahontas	

Betting at Manchester, Friday Evening, Nov. 8th.

At the beginning of the week 100 to 4 was laid against Maroon, but now 100 to 3 is the lowest price that would be taken 13 to 1 agst the Marquis's lot. A few days ago 25 to 1 was laid against Grey Milton, but last evening 22 to 1 was booked against him ; the same odds were laid against Angelica. The following are the quotations of the week :—

15 to 1 agst Launcelot (tk)	13 to 1 agst Mar. of Westminster's lot
20 to 1 —— Grey Milton (tk)	100 to 3 —— Maroon (tk)
20 to 1 —— Angelica (tk)	

There has been little business doing here this week. The prices, it will be seen, vary from those quoted at Tattersall's on Thursday, Launcelot having a call of three points over Lord Oxford's grey (Angelica).

SPLENDID RUN WITH MR. ROBERTSON'S HOUNDS.

These hounds began their season last week in a manner that promises a brilliant one, and the restoration, in the hands of their present master, of their former fame with Ralph Lambton. They had three fine races during the week, killing their brace of foxes. It was reserved for Wednesday week to show such a day's sport as is rarely seen in any country. The meet was at Etal, where they were welcomed by that excellent sportsman Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, with a warmth which a real lover of fox-hunting only knows how to give and to receive when hounds meet at his house. A fox was soon found in a cover near the house, the hounds well away with him, and in apparently for a good thing ; but some one coming too late to cover headed both fox and hounds and sent him back to his quarters, when, after dodging about for half an hour, he was lost. Drew Woodend and some small coverts blank, and then on to Berrington Dean, where a fox, not waiting to be found, went away in view from the lower corner of the whin, while the hounds were drawing the top. They were soon with him, gave him a rattling through the Dean, that told him he must fly for his life, and away he went, due north, hounds altogether—the old story, as if a sheet would cover them—without a bush to take shelter in, to Longridge, some seven miles as a crow would fly, and about nine as it was run, from his evidently twice thinking of turning, and taking two great bends to the right and left. The pace the very best, and hounds doing it all themselves. To the credit of their huntsman, though with them all the time, he hardly interfered with them. The earths were open at Longridge, he went over them, but was too hot to enter, and on he kept for the Tweed at Horncliffe, about four miles further, where also the earths were open ; but after one or two turns on the banks, he no longer considered himself safe on English ground, but swam to the Scottish shore—a very uncommon event. The hounds seemed to hesitate for half a minute, and the huntsman, too, fearful of not getting with them, bnt instantly the gallant pack, of their own accord, took the Tweed, which is here both broad and deep. The first whip, Tom Ball, with a quickness that does him immortal credit, hearing that Union bridge was within a mill, and foreseeing what might happen, had gone round and appeared on the opposite bank just as the hounds began to hit off the scent again, on the Scottish Border—all went round by the bridge, and thanks to a road, and a turn towards us, soon caught them about three or four miles in Berwickshire. He had tried the wall at Paxton, but was seen to fall, and then had made for one of Lord Elcho's coverts in the middle of Berwickshire, but unable to reach them, turned back to Paxton, where he had crept below the wall, and was run into, and nearly every morsel of him swallowed but the head (that of a very old fox), before we could climb the wall and get to them, though we heard them lay hold of him. The delight of Mr. Robertson and Lord F. Fitzclarence, and those few who were with them, can only be known to them who have gone through such a day, and concluded it in such a style. As brilliant a hunt as ever was seen of about forty minutes to Longridge, half an hour's fine hunting to the Tweed, and about three quarters of an hour's good hunting up to their tired fox in Berwickshire, and the finish in the Park at Paxton—the space gone over some twenty-three or twenty-four miles—time about two hours and a quarter—and the first fox we believe ever found in Northumberland and killed in Berwickshire. Treadwell's steady and quiet look-out and assistance to his hounds and manly riding were much admired, and the style in which the hounds kept together was quite astonishing, every one up at the finish, and each a share of their well-earned fox. Berwick Advertiser.

Deer Hunt.—On the 18th ult. a deer hunt was given at Castle Forbes, in honour of the arrival of the Hon. Robert Forbes at the seat of his ancestors, from India. The weather was fine, the music of the forest good, and the day's sport was one of the best that has taken place in the county of Aberdeen for many years. Seventeen deer, chiefly bucks and roe, were brought down after ten o'clock A. M., besides those which were wounded and made their escape, while one was torn to pieces by the dogs. Among the gentlemen who were most successful on this occasion were Mr. John Dalrymple, of Logie, who shot three, and Mr. Alexander Leith, younger son of Glenkindy, who is said to have killed a like number. Of course it is to be supposed that he who presided over this rural scene proceeded to delight the erber according to the mysteries of the art of woodcraft ; that while the rhyme was reciting, and the tokening or death-note blowing, he preserved the gurglion, tied up the paunch with the grease, bestowed upon the forester his rights, gave the wombles to the hunters and spectators, the quarre to the hounds, and the Corbin-bone to the raven, while he neglected not to appropriate to himself the proportion due to the carver.—*Glasgow Cour.*

"I'm losing flesh," as the butcher said, ven he saw a man robbing his cart.

Prentice says : "The Ohio is getting lower and lower every day. It has almost ceased to run. All who look at it can at once perceive that it exhibits very little *speed*, but *a great deal of bottom*."

ASTLEY, DUCROW, AND THEIR 'OSSES.

BY PHILO-HYPPOS.

Whenever I find myself in need of a little excitement and relaxation from grave pursuits, I never fail in my object when I proceed to "Astley's Royal Amphitheatre." We can all look back to the days of our childhood, when the "ne plus ultra" of enjoyment was being conveyed by our doating parents to the Surrey side of Westminster Bridge. In short, who can forget it? Many years have rolled over my head since I first visited this house: it was in the lifetime of old Philip Astley. I shall ever remember this extraordinary man—he was one of your right good hearted Englishmen, a capital specimen of John Bull; and although he could not speak half a dozen words together grammatically, yet he was not a bad fellow for all that, possessing a large stock of natural politeness, with a flow of good feelings that did him good service in his professional character. Astley was doubtless a mountebank, but then he did the thing scientifically. It was mountebankery applied in a very remarkable way. The power he possessed of teaching horses to perform tricks as well as act in dramatic performances was quite amazing. He developed the character of the horse to a greater degree than had ever been done by all the scientific men in the world. How he educated his horses I am unable to describe; yet it is well known, for he often mentioned the circumstance, that kindness was the foundation of equestrian discipline and education. He treated these docile and beautiful animals like children, and by rewarding them with a carrot, an apple, or a piece of bread, he had the address of impressing upon them the knowledge that they had done well, and what would again be required of them. Besides his powers of training horses, he had a clever knack of cultivating a good Mr. Merriman, (my very sides ache at the recollection of the Mr Merriman of my younger days); but, judging from the public exhibitions, the whip in the arena was the grand instrument of instruction. How well do I call to remembrance old Astley's exhibitions with his clown, who, poor fellow, had a sad time of it! In his best coat, silken hose, powdered hair, and long pig-tail, and whip with a still longer lash, he would enter the circle, strut formally to the centre, make his bow to the audience, and call for Mr. Merriman, who, approaching too familiarly, received a smart lash from his master's whip, at which he would howl with expanded jaws, and remonstrate with those who laughed in the gallery, by asking how they would like it, and offer to bet a guinea that not one of them would like to be thought a Fool.—Then cringing in the most abject manner before the dignity of his master, he would seize every opportunity to get behind him, assume threatening attitudes, and make hideous faces at him; but, on the turn of his master's head, he suddenly adopted a manner so diametrically opposite as to create a simultaneous burst of laughter, while the detection caused Mr. Merriman to bellow most piteously. Silence being restored, Mr. Astley would assure the fool it was all for his good, and he became reconciled. Approaching with boldness he would inquire of his master's *cleverosity* "how far it was from Westminster bridge to Christmas day?" to which luminous question Mr. Astley would reply, "Mr. Merriman, none of your nonsense. I havn't no hobjection for to go for to hinstruct you consarning that there noble hanimal the 'oss. Do you know wot a 'oss is? Ah, I thought you didn't; well, then, I will tell you. He is a hanimal most useful to man. He is beautiful in a race, and can win it! He can manœuvre in a review, and he can be grand. He can charge in a battle, and can be hawful." The fool stares, and exclaims, "Lawk a daisy!" "Yes. Mr. Merriman, he is the most generous of hanimals, possesses the courage of a lion, the fleetness of a deer, the strength of a hox, and the docilility of a spaniel. What do you think of all that 'ere?" "Lawk a daisy!" said the clown. "Yes, Mr. Merriman, he is the friend of man under kind treatment. I will show you what a 'oss is. Bring in that there war 'oss, and my sabre.—I will show you how he and I defend ourselves." The horse and sabre were brought. Mr. Astley mounted, and exhibited the various divisions of the sword exercise (for old Philip had been a dragoon in his younger days), which produced divers pauses and puffs, (for his great profits enabled him to live rather freely, and enjoy good living), during which intervals Mr. Merriman played all sorts of antics. To this exhibition succeeded a song or two from the stage; after which some excellent rope dancing. The rope dancing apparatus being removed, Mr. Astley again entered the circle, with his follower, Mr. Merriman, at his heels, and a horse led by a groom. Mr Astley usually began, "Now, Mr. Merriman, I will show you wot will produce hastonishment; I 'av'nt told you 'alf wot a 'oss can do. People runs away with the highdear that a 'oss must be hexposed to great barbarity to make him hobedient. No such a thing, Mr. Merriman; you might as well think to make yourself a nobleman by ealing cowkimbers and hingons. Do you see that 'ere 'oss? Now observe him, Mr. Merriman—Make your respects to the ladies, Sir." The horse knelt. "Now to the gentlemen." The horse bowed his head. "Now stand up for the king." The horse reared and walked on his hind legs. "Now rest yourself." The horse sat down like a dog on his haunches. A stove was then brought in with a blazing fire, and a kettle of boiling water on it, and placed in the centre of the circle. Mr. Astley recommenced—"Now, Mr Merriman, it has been believed that a 'oss will not go near a fire. No such a thing, Mr. Merriman; you might as well believe you wasn't a fool. Give me a goblet with a little drop of brandy in it,—werry vell. Now my good 'oss, if you have rested enough, fetch me that 'ot water to make my grog." The horse accordingly rose, took the kettle by his mouth from amid the flames, and filled up the goblet in Mr. Astley's hands. "Werry vell. What do you think of that, Mr. Merriman? if you could do it as vell, I vill heat my 'at. Now, do you think that there can be produced by hill treatment? No such a thing, Mr. Merriman: you might as well try to make apple-dumplins out o' sawdust. But that there 'oss can do more, as you shall see, Mr. Merriman. Tell the fiddlers to play some tune where the time is vell marked." The fool then inquired if the musicians could play Bob and Joan? "Yes." "Sir Roger de Coverley?" "Yes." "Foote's minuet?" Yes." "Then play them all together." Mr. Astley having heard the order, gives the clown a taste of the whipcord, and cries, "None o' your nonsense, Mr. Merriman; one tune only, Sir, that the 'oss may hear it distinctly—and place the platform so that we may 'ear 'ow the 'oss keeps time." The orchestra struck up a country dance, the horse sprung on the temporary platform, and, by his tramping, marked the time with precision, at which the fool laughed immoderately loud, holding both his sides. On being asked why he is thus noisy, he said that it was not dancing, but trotting on a trencher—that he did not believe the horse could gallop upon it, and therefore was a stupid horse. The musicians changed the time; the horse immediately quitted the platform, proceeded to Mr. Astley, and thence to the orchestra. "There, Mr. Merriman, you see the 'oss complains that the fiddlers have not kept time." The fool acknowledged his mistake, and felt confident that the horse must have been kept at close practice on the harpsichord—(*a loud laugh*)—then wondered if he could say the multiplication table all through—(*roars of laughter from the young folks*)—but supposed that, like many others, he was taught to dance before he was taught to read—(*tremendous applause*)—still he was a very clever horse, and, when he came to examine him closely, found him a very smooth one—a very fine one—indeed superfine, being both sides alike. (*Immense applause from the journeymen tailors and apprentices in the gallery and pit.*)

Such was the ordinary run of the kind of exhibitions at Astley's in former days; at which, however, a superior sort of performance was nightly added, called a burletta—a play or pantomime in which one or more horses performed. One of the best burlettas in these days was the "Story of the High-mettled Racer," which was represented with surprising fidelity. The appropriate verses of the old ballad were recited at each change of scene, accompanied by the jingling of a harpsichord, no dialogue at that time being permitted at a minor theatre. The docility of the horse in this series of his declining fortunes excited the admiration of all who witnessed it; he positively seemed to be impressed with a knowledge of the character and the circumstance of the story. He appeared in the first scene as a racer, in all the life and vigor common to that high-bred animal, impatient of the rein, and champing on the bit till he started. In the next scene he appeared as a hunter, expressing his eagerness by pawing the ground, erecting his ears, and snorting, till he was off to the full cry of the hounds. Next he appeared as a post-horse, aged and fatigued, standing with knees bent and lowered head; and when mounted he went off with all the truth of such a reduced state. He then appeared drawing a sand-cart, in a situation of positive decrepitude, with his head down, his lips dropped, enduring the seeming harsh treatment of an unfeeling master, till he finally dropped and died. You saw him stretched out, with sharp, angular, projecting bones, parts of his hide galled, and his bare ribs boldly pourtrayed on his miserable sides; he lies thus a most miserable spectacle to the pitying audience, and is about to be consigned to one of those men who purchase dying and dead horses for the sake of their skins. But by a "*coup de theatre*," the once high-mettled racer is happily saved from this conclusion to his career. A magician enters, and, after some amusing jugglery, raises the animal to life and vigour. His skin instantaneously assumes its original gloss, his raws disappear, his bones cease to be visible, and he gallops off the stage amidst the plaudits of a thousand hands. Who of my readers, in their younger days has not seen and been delighted with The Tailor going to Brentford!—the Hunted Tailor! Of a verity it was an amusing burletta, and the sagacity of the horse surprising to a degree!

One of Mr. Astley's most pleasing exhibitions consisted for many years in that which attended his giving a prize of a wherry, in a boat-race on the Thames. This great "fete" took place invariably on the 12th of August, and the race was frequently admirably contested. But this public racing was merely an introduction to the show; no sooner was the victory over, than the doors of the Amphitheatre (which, I need not say, are not far from the river) were opened, and, in a few minutes, a glorious house—an overflowing bumper—was accomplished; for the idea jumped with the humour of the populace, and consequently paid capitally. The house once filled, a procession forthwith entered, composed of persons belonging to the concern, bearing flags, numerous jolly young watermen in jacket and trowsers, and the victor seated in the prize boat, borne on the shoulders of his comrades. Having paraded the circle, they then formed a group of a nautical character on the stage, with a Union Jack waving overhead to the national airs of "God save the King" and "Rule Britannia," in full chorus. This preliminary being over, Mr. Astley advanced with rotund appearance, and a smile on his elated countenance, amid deafening cheers. Now came the truly classical harangue from the old gentleman:—"Ladies and gentlemen, this here is the yearly hanniversary of presenting my prize-wherry to the most successful vaterman in a boat race; and there he is, ladies and gentlemen, seated in that there boat. (*Applause.*) I know he is a thanking of you all, ladies and gentlemen, and he has already thanked me enough; and I wish him 'ealth and prosperity in his calling. He is a clever fellow, and, ladies and gentlemen, I am proud to say he is a good man. His name is Bill Maynard, ladies and gentlemen; and more, ladies and gentlemen, he is a fictionate 'usband and a fond father, ladies and gentlemen; besides all this, he is a wirtuous son, and is kind to his old mother, ladies and gentlemen. But it is quite unpossible for me, ladies and gentlemen, to tell all his good qualities; you see as 'ow he is all of a perspiration, and requires care to be taken of him; but I gives you my vord, ladies and gentlemen, that I shall see him put to bed, and sha'nt leave him till he 'as got a glass of 'ot brandy and water, ladies and gentlemen:"—and so with a hearty "hurrah!" from the whole corps dramatique, old Astley marched off by the side of his protege, amid the waving of hats, and the thundering sounds of "Rule Britannia."

These—these were the days, Mr. Editor; alas, we ne'er shall look upon their like again! Yet it is wrong to be so querulous; although worthy old Astley is dead and gone, he has found a superlative successor in Ducrow, who now carries on the business of the Royal Amphitheatre. Who has not heard of the astonishing feats of this the greatest horseman who ever existed, and I might say ever will exist?—Who has not seen him riding on four horses at once (bare-backed) in his famous piece "The Courier of St. Petersburgh?"—Who that ever saw that grotesque but inimitable scene in the circle, "Giromio and his Wife," can forget it. Although a trifle, it is one of the most wonderful of this great man's performances: the illusion is perfectly magical—and must be seen to be appreciated, for no description can convey the remotest idea of this matchless exhibition.

Ducrow's horses, however, are shown to the greatest advantage in burlettas—pieces in which *they act a character*—such as St. George and the Dragon. Their tractability in this respect goes beyond any thing that could be supposed. There is one beautiful cream-colored horse in particular which wins all hearts; perhaps he is the favourite of the stud; he enters the circle alone, with Zephyr-like wings attached to his shoulders, giving to him the character of Pegasus. He bounds, or rather flies round the ring several times, as if in ecstatic consciousness of his superiority; his mane and tail erect, his fine eyes glistening, and his open nostrils displaying a brilliant red: so sleek, so elegant is the animal, that he of himself is sufficient to engross the attention of the spectators for a time. Mr Ducrow enters during the excitement with peculiar beauty of effect as Apollo, habited in white, bearing a small harp delightfully classical. The sounds from the harp attract the attention of Pegasus; he is, as it were, charmed, and becomes the gentle observer of the wishes of Apollo. After a few caresses, Apollo mounts, and standing on the bare back of this spirited animal, commences a series of graceful attitudes, while the harp is occasionally touched in unison with the elegance of the performance. After twenty or thirty circuits, terminating with surprising fleetness of the horse and dexterity of the rider, Apollo springs to the ground; Pegasus rests himself in the centre of the circle, where a tranquil display of reclining attitudes and of beautiful grouping takes place; altogether this beautiful horse and his talented master present a classical illustration of Apollo and Pegasus resting on Parnassus. This exhibition offers to the eye of taste a series of beautiful compositions, fraught with associations of a character richly poetical and certainly highly gratifying.

In my opinion Ducrow's favorite horse is seen to best advantage in the celebrated "Spanish Bull-fight." I think I should describe this piece merely to present a climax to the wonderful performances of the horse in his efforts to amuse the public. This burletta is more intricate in the plot than the preceding. The scene lies in Spain, and the persons engaged are princes, princesses, dons, and hidalgos, for whose gratification a bull-fight is to be displayed; all is therefore on a scale of peculiar grandeur. The grandees assemble in splendid cavalcade with numerous attendants; after ascending a flight of steps from the circle to the stage, the royal persons there take their seats, when the ceremony commences with a procession of picadores and banderilleros, or foot combatants, bearing red flags, and small backed darts ornamented with colored ribbons; then follow many combatants on horseback bearing lances, all of whom arrange themselves, and a signal is given by sound of trumpets ordered by the Alquazils. The doors are opened and the bull stalks forth. The effect is electric. The audience appear alarmed at the terrific appearance of the beast, particularly those who have no previous knowledge of Ducrow's horses, or that this is the gentle and beautiful cream-colored horse, with a bull's skin over his padded neck and body, his head supplied by horns, and his hoofs painted as if cloven, in every respect appearing like a bull wild and fierce. On entering the circle, he stares wildly around, and then rushes on the principal cavalier, personated by Mr. Ducrow, who receives the attack, and by exercising his spear dexterously, goads the bull to madness, the consequence of which is, that the bull attacks another horse by goring him in the body; but he is saved from destruction by the foot combatants, who flutter their flags in the bull's face, and draw the attack on themselves, from which they escape with difficulty. Another horseman ventures to confront the furious animal, but is upset and the horse falls, having apparently received a death wound. The combat is then renewed by the chief cavalier, and continued some time with various effects of skill and fury. Nothing is deficient in this scene but the bleeding wounds. A glance at the countenances of the spectators is not the least amusing; their mouths are open, their eye-balls fixed, and they shudder with horror; a cheering word, indeed, becomes necessary to recall them to consciousness. After a time the horsemen retire, and the bull is further irritated by the combatants on foot; they pierce his shoulders, and fix their barbed bandaliers, while the fury of the animal is expended on their red flags. More than half an hour is he tortured into desperation; he tosses his head, runs madly about, till, weary and panting, he sinks to the earth under his manifold wounds. A sledge now enters drawn by decorated horses, and the dead bull is borne off to the sound of trumpets. The cavalcade retire and the spectacle concludes. After witnessing this performance no one can withhold his surprise at the perfect knowledge of the business of the scene which this horse evinces. There is no deviation from character; he is throughout a bull; his trot, the management of his horns, and the fierce rush with his head, all display something more than could be expected even from the most sagacious horse in Mr. Ducrow's stud. In short, Ducrow is a wonderful man, and Ducrow's horses are more wonderful still.

P.-H.

Essex, Oct. 21, 1839.

London Sportsman.

SPORTING REMINISCENCES OF CHAS. MATHEWS.

FROM HIS MEMOIRS BY MRS. MATHEWS.

For the following communication I am indebted to Mr. Surtees of Hamsterley Hall, Gateshead, who kindly forwarded these reminiscences to Charles, in 1836, when he hoped to have leisure to perform the task of writing his father's life. The particulars this friend of my husband has thrown together are very amusing and characteristic, besides being extremely well narrated; and though they were written after the death of him of whom they speak, they will come most appropriately, according to the date to which they refer, and therefore I insert them here.

TO CHARLES JAMES MATHEWS, ESQ.

My dear sir,

I have great pleasure in sending you such reminiscences of your late father as I can call to mind, though I hope you will find some one whose longer acquaintance will enable him to do greater justice to the subject. My first introduction to my late excellent friend took place at a dinner given by the late Mr Wilson, of sporting and legal celebrity, to the members of the Beefsteak Club, at his house in Lincoln's-Inn-fields. There was a very large party of members and strangers, and I had the good fortune to be placed opposite your father. I forget the whole of the party,—but, of members, there were the Duke of Leinster, Mr. (now Sir) John Cam Hobhouse, the late Admiral Dundas, the Hon. John Dundas, M.P. for York, Mr. Arnold, Mr. Linley, and others, while Sir John Milley Doyle rendered himself conspicuous among the strangers by coming all covered with ribands, orders, and decorations. We sat down altogether five or six-and-twenty, as many as could be got into the room, for, as you know, Mr. Wilson was one of the most hospitable men under the sun, and a vacant chair was rarely seen at his table. The evening was spent most delightfully, we had some excellent singing, and your father gave some of his best imitations.

In the spring of the same year I sat within one of him at what is called Mr. Tattersall's Derby dinner, given on the Sunday before Epsom races; and, this leads me to say, that your father was one of the most enthusiastic lovers of a race I ever knew.* He entered into the spirit and excitement of the thing with the true ardor of a turfite, without any knowledge however of the science of book-making. He was generally what is termed "a field man" on the turf,—that is, one who takes all the horses in a race against one or two reserved favorites; but, during "Priam's" splendid career, he made an exception in his favor, and would not bet against him. The late Mr. Stewart was one of the largest speculators on the turf, and used frequently to accommodate your father by betting with him either way he liked. On the occasion of the dinner of which I was speaking, on entering the drawing-room I found your father in the greatest possible glee, Mr. Stewart having just before paid him 50*l*. or 60*l* to be off a bet.

These dinners of Mr. Tattersall's are among the pleasantest remains of the sporting world. They are not numerous, consisting of from fourteen to sixteen guests, but they form a concentration of leading men in the hunting and racing world; masters of hounds, members of the Jockey Club, &c. At these dinners, lotteries of the Derby and Oaks' horses are made, and the tickets, or names of the horses on slips of paper, are handed round after the cloth is drawn; of course a great many of these have no chance, and the drawers of the bad ones, after effecting (unseen) exchanges among themselves, used to come to your father to dispose of them by auction. The original things he used to say on these occasions were most amusing. Many people would have supposed he had studied the list, and got jokes up for the occasion; but all who knew your father will acquit him of a premeditated pun. I recollect on one occasion, after one would think he had exhausted every possible pun, encomium, and device in getting rid of many bad bargains, an unfortunate outsider, called Astracan, was handed up to him for disposal, when, looking very grave and pompous, and affecting to read a letter he had in his pocket, he begged us to dismiss from our mind all the previous recommendations he had made of other horses; "for," said he, "since I offered the last lot I have received a private and confidential communication from Epsom, which so completely alters my opinions, that if I were now called upon to declare what in my mind *can* win the Derby, I should fearlessly declare that I think Astra*can*!"

When he did not stay with a friend, your father used to lodge at Mathew Robinson's [brother to the late trainer of that name] at Newmarket.

We travelled down together to the last meeting at which he was present, viz., the July of 1833. We went by the Norwich mail, having two outsides, but shortly after passing Epping it began to rain, and your father, fearing the wet, took a vacant place inside. In consequence of the other passengers insisting upon having the windows up, he was terribly distressed with the asthma on reaching Newmarket; and though it was pouring with rain, we were obliged to halt two or three times between the small public-house where the mail set us down and Robson's. I was awoke in the morning by hearing him calling a horse, "a la Tattersall," as he lay in bed, an imitation in which he was most successful.

One of his best sporting stories was that of the German Baron at Newmarket, who wanted to buy a horse, and could not speak English, in which Mr. Tattersall and the late Mr. Wilson were introduced.

The scene opens with the interior of a loose box in a racing-stable, [Lord Lowther's, I believe,] in which were this German Baron—a tall, stout, close-buttoned, dignified man, with a queer high-crowned hat and large mustachios—Mr. Tattersall, Rogers the trainer, Mr. Mathews, and a horse called Toss, the inspection of which was the object of the visit. Each party was most happily ignorant of the other's language.

Mr. Tattersall loquitur.—"That's the horse; strip him, Rogers, and let the Baron see him. That's Toss, sir.

Baron.—"*Hawe*—Toss—Foine orse—Toss." Whereupon, as your father described, he went up to him, passed his hand down his legs, along his back, and gave him a punch in the ribs, according to the most approved system of examination. He then looked into his mouth, and retreating to the back of the stall, stuck his hands in his sides and took a steady survey of the whole.

Baron.—"*Hawe!*—Toss—hawe! Foine orse. Vot ears [years] he has?"

Mr. Tattersall.—"What, are they too long, think ye?"

Baron.—"Nor, nor. Vot *ears*, he has?"

Mr. Tattersall.—"Oh! ah! yes, he carries them well!"

Baron.—Bah! bah! Vot *ears*, I say he has?"

Mr. Tattersall.—"Oh, they show breeding, his dam's were the same, and she was a right good one."

Baron [getting indignant].—"Nor, nor, I say; vot ears, *years* he has?"

Hereupon difficulty the first was overcome, and the information supplied. The Baron then resumed, with the most profound gravity, the following question:—

Baron.—"How moch?"

Mr. Tattersall.—"500*l*."

Baron.—"Vot 500 livre?"

Mr. Tattersall.—"Oh, take him or leave him, just as you like; *that's the price.*"

Baron.—"Nor, nor! I say 500*l*. sterling."

Mr. Tattersall.—"Oh, I understand; yes, 500*l*. English money—sterling; *yes.*"

Baron.—"Oh, I will *have* my wet."

Mr. Tattersall [aside].—"What the deuce does he want now?"

Baron.—"My *wet*, I say."

Mr. Tattersall.—"Oh, he's thirsty. Here, Rogers, run and bring the Baron a glass of water."

Rogers returns with a tumbler of *aqua pura*, and offers it to the Baron, who turns away in disgust.

Mr. Tattersall [rather nonplused] says,—"What's the matter now?"

Baron.—"I vill my wet."

Mr. Tattersall [aside].—"I twig [to Rogers]. He wants a little brandy in it, run and dash about half a glassfull into it."

Rogers returns with the water qualified as directed, and offers it to the Baron, who stamps with rage.

Baron.—"Nor, nor, I say! [with a horrible guttural sound] I vill my *wet-tin-ne-ra-ry* surgeon."

In the evening a large party were about to sit down to dinner at the White Hart, among whom were the gentlemen of the morning scene, and also Mr. Wilson. Just as the dinner was served, the gaunt Baron stalked into the room, and was invited to join the party. "Nor, I tank you," said he. "You'd better, sir," said Mr. Wilson, "here's a piece of very nice roast beef."—"Nor. I tank you, sare; I have my wet in the next room."—"Ay, ay, sir," replied Mr. Wilson; "but bring your wet with ye; we'll all have our *wet* together, just now!" A roar of laughter followed this second misapprehension of the term; but an explanation ensued, the Baron introduced his wet, and the evening ended, as Mr. Wilson proposed, in their all having their wet together.

There are some adjuncts to the story, chiefly relating to Mr. Wilson's attempted enlightenment of the Baron in the mysteries of racing, which I have not attempted to give, because their merit consisted principally in the style of your father's narration.

Of a somewhat similar character to the German story was that of the Doncaster scene, which I have often heard your father relate. Two Yorkshiremen were in the habit of meeting at Doncaster every year and of having a bet on the St. Leger or Cup. One came from Leeds, the other from Beverley, and in 1815, when Sir W. Maxwell's horse, "Filho da Puta," won, each man having sounded his knowing friends as to the favorite, one getting hold of the first part of the horse's name, the other of the latter part, they both backed the same, one naming "Filho" (or Filly as he called him,) the other "Puta" (or Pewter as he pronounced it.) After the race each man, of course, claimed the bet, whereupon a wrangle ensued, which ended in their adjourning to the judges' stand, to refer the matter to Mr. Lockwood, the clerk of the course. "Hooi! Mr. Lockwood!" bellowed the Beverley tyke, "what's won t' coop? Hasn't Filly *won* t' coop?"

Mr. Lockwood, looking very dignified, replies, "Yes, Filho has won the cup." Whereupon he again claimed his bet; but the Leeds legs would not be convinced, and setting up a shout similar to the one raised by his comrade, again brought Mr. Lockwood to the front.

"Hooi! I say, Mr. Lockwood, what's won the coop? Hasn't Pewter won the coop?"—"Yes," replied Mr. Lockwood, "Puta has won the cup."—"There now, dang it, I told you 'Pewter,'" exclaimed the Leeds man; whereupon they recommenced their wrangle anew, and kept it up until a mutual friend interposed and set them right. Your father's personification of the Yorkshiremen's manner and dialect used to be excellent.

At the end of July, 1833, I proceeded to Bildeston, and your father returned to town, having first arranged to take up our quarters together at Bognor for the Goodwood races. Mr. Zachary, of the Adelphi-terrace, joined us; and on a lovely morning in August, we left town in your father's carriage for the coast of Sussex; your father in the rumble, and Mr. Zachary and myself inside. It was a scorching hot day, and your father was in full glory. I never saw a man who delighted more in sunshine than he did: it was never too hot for him. After ventriloquising all the postboys on the road, and making them look under their horses' heels and carriage wheels for dogs that yelped in the agony of being run over, and playing all sorts of tricks upon the country folks, we arrived at Bognor for a late dinner, and by the kindness of Mrs. Tattersall, who was staying there with her family, and had looked out lodgings in case we might want them, we established ourselves in very comfortable quarters on the Steyne Bognor was then, and, I suppose, still is, one of the very small order of southern bathing-places; and with the exception of the period of Goodwood races, a very quiet independent little town. We arrived a few days before the races, intending to enjoy some sea breezes before we entered upon the beauties and excitements of Goodwood, and found several friends doing the same. Among the number was Mr. Gully, who with two or three friends had lodgings at the Baths directly opposite our domicile. I need scarcely say what Mr. Gully's politics are, as his name in the discussions of the House of Commons leaves no doubt on that head; your father's were diametrically opposite. Both were ardent politicians,* and they very soon got upon the then all-absorbing question of Reform; and whenever they met, whether on the beach or in the house, they had a turn together. I need not say that your father always had the best of it; for, independently of great natural eloquence, his arguments were so droll, and at the same time so forcible, and put in such an irresistibly ludicrous manner, that even a professed orator would have found himself unable to settle down to make a regular reply for some time after your father had ceased speaking. I do not remember, in all the sketches, memoirs, or recollections I have read of your father to have seen any particular notice of his great power of eloquence, which was certainly of a very superior order.†

---

* It is known that Mathews was very fond of a race,—indeed his fondness almost amounted to a passion; but, I believe, it was to be attributed more to his liking for horses than for any direct interest that he took in the sport itself. During many years he attended Epsom and Ascot regularly, whatever temptations, professional or otherwise, were in the way. Newmarket he often visited, though not regularly, and Doncaster sometimes; but, I believe, he never risked more than a score pounds on any race. He paid dearly, however, in another way, for his racing propensities. No less a price than that of a partial reputation for gambling. Whenever a report of any instance of this came to his knowledge, it annoyed him exceedingly; but he used to reconcile himself to it by recollecting that he enjoyed a parallel reputation for drinking, though (I think I have heard him say) no man during the whole course of his life, ever saw him in the smallest degree injuriously affected by wine,—and spirits, I believe, he never touched. During the whole of my intimacy with him he was more than, moderate,—he was abstemious in regard to wine; and in the matter of eating, whaever delicacies there might be at table, he rarely partook of more than one dish, and that of plain roast or boiled meat, not even preceded by soup or fish. By the by, these last words remind me of what I am disposed to call the weakest point in Mathews's intellectual character—his extreme fondness for a pun, coupled with his affected hatred and contempt for that harmless specie of fooling. I question whether he did not refuse soup and fish that he might have a better opportunity of saying, when invited to take either, "No, I am not a *soup-or-fish-al-man.*" He invariably protested, however, against the pun being looked upon as his own—or other than as old as Joe Miller.—*Patmore's Personal Recollections.*

I remember we dined with Mr. Gully and his party on the Sunday before the races commenced; and what with politics and one thing and another, the evening flew so rapidly that we were all surprised to find it was three o'clock in the morning, when we thought it was only a little after eleven. It was arranged that they should dine with us on the following day; and as we walked across to our lodgings, your father begged Mr. Zachary to be stirring in the morning, and buy *every thing in the market*, so that Mr. Gully and his friends might not complain of our want of hospitality. Though one of the plainest eaters possible, he pretended to feel anxious for the credit of our *ménage*, and repeatedly requested that there might be *every thing that was expensive* for dinner.‡

This being done, and as large a dinner ordered as Mr. Carter could possibly accomplish, Mr. Zachary went off to the field of action at Goodwood, and your father and I joined Mr. Tattersall and his family in a fishing excursion to the rocks. The day was fine and scarcely a ripple disturbed the glassy surface of the sea. Having rowed beyond the rock, we cast anchor and prepared for action: our tackle was of the simplest order. The fish (small codlings) were perfectly ravenous, and I caught one on each hook before my line was steadied in the water. All the party were equally successful, except your father, who being the last to catch one, grew nervous at being watched and laughed at, and kept shifting his place in the boat from side to side; at length he hooked one, and was delighted. The sun was powerful: and throwing aside his hat, he put on one of the boatman's "south-westers;" and kept us in a roar of laughter till we were fairly tired of pulling the fish out. One of the boatmen, it appeared, knew him; as I heard him thank your father for a free admission he had previously given him to the Portsmouth theatre. On returning to land, the tide was too low to allow of our running the boat on shore; so we rode on the men's backs (for thirty or forty yards,) and your father nearly made the other boatman spill his load into the sea with laughter at seeing him jockeying his man out "*à la Chifney*."

A large dish of these fish constituted part of our dinner in the evening; and as each successive dish was placed on the table, your father kept exhorting Mr. Gully to keep his temper and not be jealous, because we were giving him a better dinner than he had set before us. Our wine, however, was rated undrinkable, and most of the party had recourse to brandy and water. A tremendous dose of politics occupied the evening, in which your father gave us some capital imitations of O'Connell, the late Mr. Ruthven, and particularly the scene in the House of Commons that followed the introduction of the word "bloody" into one of Mr. O'Connell's speeches. Your father was present on that occasion.

The race commenced on Tuesday, and we posted to Goodwood every day, the distance being some eight or nine miles from Bognor. The weather was beautifully fine throughout the meeting, and it was one of the best ever seen there. Your father was in great request; but he declined all invitations, and we returned to dinner at our lodgings each day. When on a race-course, or indeed in public, I generally observed that he was very sensitive at being identified with his profession, and I remember he was much annoyed at a noble lord observing to him one day, "that he supposed he was on the look-out for characters." He was more sensitive at this period, perhaps, than usual, in consequence of Mr. Rotch's then recent attack upon his profession, which your father felt most acutely.

He made a good many bets at this meeting in his usual random style, on "the impulse of the moment," as he used to say. He was a very careless better, never having a book, but writing them down on backs of letters, cards lists, slips of paper, any thing, in short, that came first to hand, which he used to deposit in his own pockets or the pockets of the carriage; and when he came to square his accounts, which he attempted to do as we travelled up to town, he could not get right, and he was much disconcerted, and said, that, as soon as ever he got to town, he would advertise for a man that could keep a betting-book.

After Goodwood races were over, Mr. Zachary left us for Brighton races, which followed, as did most of the sporting men; but your father and I remained for a few days to enjoy a little quiet, and let the bustle on the road between London and Bognor subside. I remember his parting joke with Mr. Gully, as the latter was setting off on his return to town. "Where do you change horses?" "At Pulborough," was the answer. "*Pullborough!*" replied your father; "ay, and a very proper place too for a radical member of Parliament to change horses at."

The races being over, Bognor became as quiet as possible; and the weather continuing very fine, we gave ourselves up to the full enjoyment of the sea.—We were both devotedly fond of it, and we used to lie basking on the shingle with the tide up to our heels, or drive about the sands in an open fly, your father ventriloquizing the driver, dogs, and every thing that came in the way—We lived very quietly after Mr Zachary left us, generally dining off cold meat, at any hour that we felt hungry, and drinking nothing but weak brandy and water. Indeed, we felt Mr. Zachary's loss severely at first, not only as an agreeable companion, but as an effective caterer; for neither of us being endowed with the same talent possessed by him, we got on rather badly. In the breakfast department we were particularly unfortunate. For two or three mornings the tea poured out little better than water, and after censuring the kettle, the water, the urn, and every thing by turns, we found that your father had put the square lid of the sugar-basin, which was of the same china, upon the teapot, instead of its own lid, which, though it fitted vesy well to appearance, left a considerable aperture on each side, which was fatal to our brew.

The day on which we left Bognor for town, was so fine, that, to enjoy the beautiful scenery through which the road passes, your father proposed to pay the postboys rather short, well knowing that they all accommodate their pace to their pay. This succeeded very well for the two or three first stages, but at last we got an old fellow about seventy, who barely put his horses into a trot, and who kept grinning back into the carriage to see how long we would bear his tardiness, and, doubtless in the hopes that we would try to quicken him by the usual promise. Your father pretended not to observe his manœuvres for some time; at last, as we reached a bleak open part of the country, the postboy let his horses relax into a walk at the foot of a gently rising ground.—He could contain himself no longer, and putting his head out of the window exclaimed, "I say, *young* chap, if you don't drive a little faster, I'll tell your 'pa of you!"

We dined at Dorking, and reached London in the evening, driving to his friend Mr. Parrot's in Millbank, where we stayed looking over that gentleman's fine collection of painting's until dusk, when we separated. That was the last day your poor father and I spent together We arranged to meet the following year at Goodwood; but a domestic affliction detaining me here, my place was supplied by another, and before I arrived in the South, your father had sailed for America.

On looking over what I have written, and considering how many of the persons mentioned in the short space of time included in these reminiscences are now gone to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns," I feel, as Mr. Boswell describes in the conclusion of his journal to the Hebrides with Dr. Johnson, "an impression at once awful and tender;" and, like him, shall conclude with the exclamation, "*Requiescant in pace!*"

If what I have written will be serviceable to you in the life of your excellent parent and my very much esteemed friend, I shall be most happy; and with sincere wishes for your health, prosperity, and happiness,

I subscribe myself, my dear sir,
Yours very faithfully,
Hamsterley Hall, Gateshead. R. S. Surtees.

The Quaker's Letter to his Watchmaker.—A member of the Society of Friends, who had his watch repaired by another member, and it not keeping time, returned it accompanied by the following letter:

"I herewith send thee my pocket clock, which stands greatly in need of thy friendly correction. The last time he was at thy friendly school, he was not in the least degree reformed or benefitted thereby, for I perceive, by the index of his mind, that he is a liar, and that the truth is not in him. His motions are wavering and irregular; his pulse is sometimes quick, which betokeneth not an even temper, or at other times he waxeth sluggish; though I frequently urge him that he should be at his duty, as thou knowest his name denoteth, I find him slumbering and sleeping, or, as the vanity of human reason phrases it, I caught him napping, hence I am induced to believe he is not right in the inward man; clean him, therefore, thoroughly, I entreat thee, with thy charming physic, from all pollution, that he may vibrate and circulate according to truth. I will leave him a few days under thy friendly charge, and pay for his board as thou requirest it. I entreat thee, friend John, to demean thyself on this occasion with a right judgment according to the skill that is within thee, and prove thyself a workman that need not be ashamed. And when thou layest the correcting hand on him, let it be without passion, least thou drive him to destruction. Do thou regulate and govern his motions for the time to come by the motion of the light that ruleth the day, and when thou findest him converted from the error of his ways, and more conformable to the above mentioned rules, do thou send him home, with a just bill of charges, drawn out in the spirit of moderation, and the root of evil shall be sent unto thee.

Thy friend, Simon.

A negro the other day tumbled out of a window in New Orleans upon the pavement, thereby upsetting a gentleman passing by. Cuffee got up unhurt, and turning to the gentleman said, "I hope you will excuse dis child dis time. I'se not in the habit ob it, I sure you I isn't. De fack is, I was fas asleep, and dreaming dat a big skeeter was a biten me, an down I cum. Dat's de way my fall rose."

CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF A TYRONE FAMILY,

BEING AN EXTRACT FROM THE LEGACY OF THE LATE FRANCIS PURCELL, P. P. OF DRUMCOOLAGH.

INTRODUCTION.

[In the following narrative, I have endeavored to give as nearly as possible the "*ipsissima verba*" of the valued friend from whom I received it, conscious that any aberration from *her* mode of telling the tale of her own life, would at once impair its accuracy and its effect. Would that, with her words, I could also bring before you her animated gesture, her expressive countenance, the solemn and thrilling air and accent with which she related the dark passages in her strange story; and, above all, that I could communicate the impressive consciousness that the narrator had seen with her own eyes, and personally acted in the scenes which she described; these accompaniments, taken with the additional circumstance, that she who told the tale was one far too deeply and sadly impressed with religious principle, to misrepresent or fabricate what she repeated as fact, gave to the tale a depth of interest which the events recorded could hardly, themselves, have produced. I became acquainted with the lady from whose lips I heard this narrative, nearly twenty years since, and the story struck my fancy so much, that I committed it to paper while it was still fresh in my mind, and should its perusal afford you entertainment for a listless half hour, my labor shall not have been bestowed in vain. I find that I have taken the story down as she told it, in the first person, and, perhaps, this is as it should be. She began as follows:—]

My maiden name was Richardson,* the designation of a family of some distinction in the county of Tyrone. I was the younger of two daughters, and we were the only children. There was a difference in our ages of nearly six years, so that I did not, in my childhood, enjoy that close companionship which sisterhood, in other circumstances, necessarily involves; and while I was still a child, my sister was married. The person upon whom she bestowed her hand, was a Mr. Carew, a gentleman of property and consideration in the north of England. I remember well the eventful day of the wedding; the thronging carriages, the noisy menials, the loud laughter, the merry faces, and the gay dresses. Such sights were then new to me, and harmonized ill with the sorrowful feelings with which I regarded the event which was to separate me, as it turned out, for ever, from a sister whose tenderness alone had hitherto more than supplied all that I wanted in my mother's affection The day soon arrived which was to remove the happy couple from Ashtown-house. The carriage stood at the hall-door, and my poor sister kissed me again, and again, telling me that I should see her soon. The carriage drove away, and I gazed after it until my eyes filled with tears, and, returning slowly to my chamber, I wept more bitterly, and so to speak, more desolately, than ever I had done before. My father had never seemed to love, or take an interest in me. He had desired a son, and I think he never thoroughly forgave me my unfortunate sex. My having come into the world at all as his child, he regarded as a kind of fraudulent intrusion, and, as his antipathy to me had its origin in an imperfection of mine, too radical for removal, I never even hoped to stand high in his good graces. My mother was, I dare say, as fond of me as she was of any one; but she was a woman of a masculine and a worldly cast of mind. She had no tenderness or sympathy for the weaknesses, or even for the affections of woman's nature, and her demeanor towards me was peremptory, and often even harsh. It is not to be supposed, then, that I found in the society of my parents much to supply the loss of my sister. About a year after her marriage, we received letters from Mr. Carew, containing accounts of my sister's health, which, though not actually alarming, were calculated to make us seriously uneasy. The symptoms most dwelt upon were loss of appetite and cough. The letters concluded by intimating that he would avail himself of my father and mother's repeated invitation to spend some time at Ashtown, particularly as the physician who had been consulted as to my sister's health had strongly advised a removal to her native air. There were added repeated assurances that nothing serious was apprehended, as it was supposed that a deranged state of the liver was the only source of the symptoms which seemed to intimate consumption. In accordance with this announcement, my sister and Mr. Carew arrived in Dublin, where one of my father's carriages awaited them, in readiness to start upon whatever day or hour they might choose for their departure. It was arranged that Mr Carew was, as soon as the day upon which they were to leave Dublin was definitely fixed, to write to my father, who intended that the two last stages should be performed by his own horses, upon whose speed and safety far more reliance might be placed than upon those of the ordinary post horses, which were, at that time, almost without exception, of the very worst order. The journey, one of about ninety miles, was to be divided; the larger portion to be reserved for the second day. On Sunday a letter reached us, stating that the party would leave Dublin on Monday, and, in due course, reach Ashtown upon Tuesday evening. Tuesday came: the evening closed in, and yet no carriage appeared; darkness came on, and still no sign of our expected visitors. Hour after hour passed away, and it was now past twelve; the night was remarkably calm, scarce a breath stirring, so that any sound, such as that produced by the rapid movements of a vehicle, would have been audible at a considerable distance For some such sound I was feverishly listening. It was, however, my father's rule to close the house at nightfall, and the window-shutters being fastened, I was unable to reconnoitre the avenue as I would have wished. It was nearly one o'clock, and we began almost to despair of seeing them upon that night, when I thought I distinguished the sound of wheels, but so remote and faint as to make me at first very uncertain. The noise approached; it became louder and clearer; it stopped for a moment. I now heard the shrill screaking of the rusty iron, as the avenue gate revolved on its hinges; again came the sound of wheels in rapid motion.

"It is they," said I, starting up; "the carriage is in the avenue." We all stood for a few moments, breathlessly listening. On thundered the vehicle with the speed of a whirlwind; crack went the whip, and clatter went the wheels, as it rattled over the uneven pavement of the court; a general and furious barking from all the dogs about the house hailed its arrival. We hurried to the hall in time to hear the steps let down with the sharp clanging noise peculiar to the operation, and the hum of voices exerted in the bustle of arrival. The hall-door was now thrown open, and we all stepped forth to greet our visitors. The court was perfectly empty; the moon was shining broadly and brightly upon all around; nothing was to be seen but the tall trees with their long spectral shadows, now wet with the dews of midnight. We stood gazing from right to left, as if suddenly awakened from a dream; the dogs walked suspiciously, growling and snuffing about the court, and by totally and suddenly ceasing their former loud barking, as also by carrying their tails between their legs, expressing the predominance of fear. We looked one upon the other in perplexity and dismay, and I think I never beheld more pale faces assembled. By my father's direction, we looked about to find anything which might indicate or account for the noise which we had heard; but no such thing was to be seen—even the mire which lay upon the avenue was undisturbed. We returned to the house, more panic struck than I can describe. On the next day, we learned by a messenger, who had ridden hard the greater part of the night, that my sister was dead. On Sunday evening, she had retired to bed rather unwell, and, on Monday her indisposition declared itself unequivocally to be malignant fever. She became hourly worse, and, on Tuesday night, a little after midnight, she expired † I mention this circumstance because it is one upon which a thousand wild and fantastical reports were founded, though one would have thought that the truth scarcely required to be improved upon; and again, because it produced a strong and lasting effect upon my spirits, and, indeed, I am inclined to think, upon my character. I was, for several years after this occurrence, long after the violence of my grief subsided, so wretchedly low-spirited and nervous that I could scarcely be said to live, and during this time habits of indecision, arising out of a listless acquiescence in the will of others, a fear of encountering even the slightest opposition, and a disposition to shrink from what are commonly called amusements, grew upon me so strongly, that I have scarcely even yet altogether overcome them. We saw nothing more of Mr. Carew. He returned to England as soon as the melancholy rites attendant upon the event which I have just mentioned were performed; and not being altogether inconsolable, he married again within two years; after which, owing to the remoteness of our relative situations, and other circumstances, we gradually lost sight of him. I was now an only child; and as my elder sister had died without issue, it was evident that, in the ordinary course of things, my father's property, which was altogether in his power, would go to me, and the consequence was, that before I was fourteen, Ashtown-house was besieged by a host of suitors; however, whether it was that *I* was too young, or that none of the aspirants to my hand stood sufficiently high in rank or wealth, I was suffered by both parents to do exactly as I pleased; and well was it for me, as I afterwards found that fortune, or, rather Providence, had so ordained it, that I had not suffered my affections to become in any degree engaged, for my mother would never have suffered any *silly fancy* of mine, as she was in the habit of styling an attachment, to stand in the way of her ambitious views; views which she was determined to carry into effect, in defiance of every obstacle, and in order to accomplish which she would not have hesitated to sacrifice anything so unreasonable and contemptible as a girlish passion.

When I reached the age of sixteen my mother's plans began to develope themselves, and at her suggestion we moved to Dublin, to sojourn for the winter, in order that no time might be lost in disposing of me to the best advantage. I had been too long accustomed to consider myself as of no importance whatever, to believe for a moment that I was in reality the cause of all the bustle and preparation which surrounded me, and being thus relieved from the pain which a consciousness of my real situation would have inflicted, I journeyed towards the capital with a feeling of total indifference.

My father's wealth and connection had established him in the best society and, consequently, upon our arrival in the metropolis, we commanded whatever enjoyment or advantages its gaieties afforded. The tumult and novelty of the scenes in which I was involved did not fail considerably to amuse me, and my mind gradually recovered its tone, which was naturally cheerful. It was almost immediately known and reported that I was an heiress, and of course my attractions were pretty generally acknowledged. Among the many gentlemen whom it was my fortune to please, one, ere long, established himself in my mother's good graces, to the exclusion of all less important aspirants. However, I had not understood, or even remarked his attentions, nor, in the slightest degree, suspected his or my mother's plans respecting me, when I was made aware of them rather abruptly by my mother herself. We had attended a splendid ball given by Lord M——, at his residence in Stephen's-green, and I was, with the assistance of my waiting-maid, employed in rapidly divesting myself of the rich ornaments which, in profuseness and value, could scarcely have found their equals in any private family in Ireland. I had thrown myself into a lounging chair beside the fire, listless and exhausted, after the fatigues of the evening, when I was aroused from the reverie into which I had fallen, by the sound of footsteps approaching my chamber, and my mother entered.

"Fanny, my dear," said she, in her softest tone, "I wish to say a word or two with you before I go to rest. You are not fatigued, love, I hope?"

"No, no, madam, I thank you," said I, rising at the same time from my seat with the formal respect so little practised now.

"Sit down, my dear," said she, placing herself upon a chair beside me; "I must chat with you for a quarter of an hour or so. Saunders, (to the maid) you may leave the room; do not close the room door, but shut that of the lobby."

This precaution against curious ears having been taken as directed, my mother proceeded.

"You have observed, I should suppose, my dearest Fanny—indeed, you *must* have observed, Lord Glenfallen's marked attentions to you."

"I assure you, madam——" I began.

"Well, well, that is all right," interrupted my mother; "of course you must be modest upon the matter; but listen to me for a few moments, my love, and I will prove to your satisfaction that your modesty is quite unnecessary in this case. You have done better than we could have hoped, at least, so very soon. Lord Glenfallen is in love with you. I give you joy of your conquest," and saying this, my mother kissed my forehead.

"In love with me!" I exclaimed, in unfeigned astonishment.

"Yes, in love with you," repeated my mother; "devotedly, distractedly in love with you. Why, my dear, what is there wonderful in it? look in the glass, and look at these," she continued, pointing with a smile to the jewels which I had just removed from my person, and which now lay a glittering heap upon the table.

"May there not," said I, hesitating between real confusion and alarm; "is it not possible that some mistake may be at the bottom of all this?"

"Mistake! dearest; none," said my mother. "None; none in the world; judge for yourself; read this, my love," and she placed in my hand a letter, addressed to herself, the seal of which was broken. I read it through with no small surprise. After some very fine complimentary flourishes upon my beauty and perfections, as, also, upon the antiquity and high reputation of our family, it went on to make a formal proposal of marriage, to be communicated or not to me at present, as my mother should deem expedient; and the letter wound up by a request that the writer might be permitted, upon our return to Ashtown-house, which was soon to take place, as the spring was now tolerably advanced, to visit us for a few days, in case his suit was approved.

"Well, well, my dear," said my mother impatiently; "do you know who Lord Glenfallen is?"

"I do, madam," said I, rather timidly, for I dreaded an altercation with my mother.

"Well, dear, and what frightens you?" continued she; "are you afraid of a title? What has he done to alarm you? he is neither old nor ugly."

I was silent, though I might have said, "he is neither young nor handsome."

"My dear Fanny," continued my mother, "in sober seriousness, you have been most fortunate in engaging the affections of a nobleman such as Lord Glenfallen, young and wealthy, with first-rate abilities, yes, acknowledged *first rate* abilities, and of a family whose influence is not exceeded by that of any in Ire-

---

* Mr. Surtees is here mistaken, Mr. Mathews was not a politician; perhaps he had a slight bias, and felt a strong interest occasionally on particular subjects. He would sometimes affect more than he really felt, for the sake of amusing himself with the earnestness of those with whom he conversed.—A. M.

† Mathews was not only the greatest dramatic artist of his day in his line, but he himself created every one of the characters by which he will be remembered. And in the intercourse of private life he gave daily evidence of being qualified to do even more than this. When he was sure of his audience, and impelled by the character of it to put forth his best powers, he used to do things that required more intellectual talent than the whole concoction and performance of one of his public entertainments. I have heard him get up after dinner, and, without a moment's hesitation or previous preparation, make a speech of half an hour's length in character of Coleridge, Curran, or some other distinguished orator whose health had been proposed, on the speculation of Mathews's replying to the call—not merely adopting the voice, appearance, and external manner of the party imitated, but assuming the very tone of his thoughts, and the cast of his sentiments, and putting them into language, the impassioned eloquence of which was not inferior to that of the persons imitated; and I am convinced that, when he was in the proper cue for it, he would, if he could have felt sufficient confidence in his audience and in himself to have dared attempt it, have *improvisated*, a more amusing and instructive "At Home" than any that he ever yet produced, by a formal union of his own talents with those of his literary assistants in those entertainments. I remember the first evidence I witnessed of his extraordinary talents in this way, was at our second meeting at Box-hill, in the Epsom race week. The elections were going on at the time; and on the first evening, just as we had quitted the after-dinner table, and were going to the stables to see that our horses were attended to, our attention was attracted by a voice that was quite strange to us, shouting, "Gentlemen, in appearing before you on this occasion," &c On turning to the spot whence the sounds came, there was Mathews mounted in an empty hay-cart, from which he delivered an electioneering speech, that, without being in the smallest degree exaggerated or caricatured in its tone or language, kept us in roars of laughter from beginning to end by the exquisite satire on such harangues which every phrase and period of it displaced. Those who knew Mathews will agree with me when I state my belief, that he never premeditated or prepared for any thing of this kind, on the contrary, that if he had done so he would certainly have failed to accomplish it; for his reluctance to any thing like making a show of himself in private life, even when among his most intimate associates, amounted to a degree of morbid sensitiveness that paralysed all his powers —*Mr. Patmore's Personal Recollections.*

‡ A jesting phrase of his to express a grand dinner.—A. M.

* I have carefully altered the names as they appear in the original MSS., for the reader will see that some of the circumstances recorded are not of a kind to reflect honor upon those involved in them; and, as many are still living, in every way honored and honorable, who stand in close relation to the principal actors in this drama, the reader will see the necessity of the course which we have adopted.

* The residuary legatee of the late Francis Purcell, who has the honor of selecting such of his lamented friend's manuscripts as may appear fit for publication, in order that the lore which they contain may reach the world before scepticism and utility have robbed our species of the precious gift of credulity, and scornfully kicked before them, or trampled into annihilation, those harmless fragments of picturesque superstition, which it is our object to preserve, has been subjected to the charge of dealing too largely in the marvellous; and it has been half insinuated that such is his love for *diablerie*, that he is content to wander a mile out of his way, in order to meet a fiend or a goblin, and thus to sacrifice all regard for truth and accuracy to the idle hope of affrighting the imagination, and thus pandering to the bad taste of his reader. He begs leave, then, to take this opportunity of asserting his perfect innocence of all the crimes laid to his charge, and to assure his reader that he never *pandered to his bad taste*, nor went one inch out of his way to introduce witch, fairy, devil, ghost, or any other of the grim fraternity of the redoubted Raw-head and bloody-bones. His province, touching these tales, has been attended with no difficulty and little responsibility; indeed, he is accountable for nothing more than an alteration in the names of persons mentioned therein, when such a step seemed necessary, and for an occasional note, whenever he conceived it possible, innocently, to edge in a word. These tales have been *written down*, as the heading of each announces, by the Rev. Francis Purcell, P. P. of Drumcoolagh; and in all the instances, which are many, in which the present writer has had an opportunity of comparing the manuscript of his departed friend with the actual traditions which are current amongst the families whose fortunes they pretend to illustrate, he has uniformly found that whatever of supernatural occurred in the story, so far from having been exaggerated by him, had been rather softened down, and, wherever it could be attempted, accounted for.

and—of course you see the offer in the same light that I do—indeed, I think you *must*."

This was uttered in no very dubious tone. I was so much astonished by the suddenness of the whole communication that I literally did not know what to say.

"You are not in love?" said my mother, turning sharply, and fixing her dark eyes upon me with severe scrutiny.

"No, madam," said I, promptly; horrified, as what young lady would not have been at such a query

"I'm glad to hear it," said my mother, drily. "Once, nearly twenty years ago, a friend of mine consulted me how he should deal with a daughter who had made what they call a love match, beggared herself, and disgraced her family; and I said, without hesitation, take no care for her, but cast her off; such punishment I awarded for an offence committed against the reputation of a family not my own; and what I advised respecting the child of another, with full as small compunction I would *do* with mine. I cannot conceive anything more unreasonable or intolerable than the fortune and the character of a family should be marred by the idle caprices of a girl."

She spoke this with great severity, and paused as if she expected some observation from me. I, however, said nothing.

"But I need not explain to you, my dear Fanny," she continued, "my views upon this subject; you have always known them well, and I have never yet had reason to believe you likely, voluntarily, to offend me, or to abuse or neglect any of those advantages which reason and duty tell you should be improved—come hither, my dear, kiss me, and do not look so frightened. Well now, about this letter, you need not answer it yet; of course you must be allowed time to make up your mind; in the mean time I will write to his lordship to give him my permission to visit us at Ashtown. Good night, my love."

And thus ended one of the most disagreeable, not to say astounding, conversations I had ever had; it would not be easy to describe exactly what were my feelings towards Lord Glenfallen; whatever might have been my mother's suspicions, my heart was perfectly disengaged; and hitherto, although I had not been made in the slightest degree acquainted with his real views, I had liked him very much as an agreeable, well-informed man, whom I was always glad to meet in society; he had served in the navy in early life, and the polish which his manners received in his after intercourse with courts and cities had not served to obliterate that frankness of *manner* which belongs proverbially to the sailor. Whether this apparent candor went deeper than the outward bearing I was yet to learn; however, there was no doubt that as far as I had seen of Lord Glenfallen, he was, though perhaps not quite so young as might have been desired in a lover, a singularly pleasing man, and whatever feeling unfavorable to him had found its way into my head, arose altogether from the dread, not an unreasonable one, that constraint might be practised upon my inclinations. I reflected, however, that Lord Glenfallen was a wealthy man, and one highly thought of; and although I could never expect to love him in the romantic sense of the term, yet I had no doubt but that, all things considered, I might be more happy with him than I could hope to be at home. When next I met him it was with no small embarrassment; his tact and good breeding, however, soon re-assured me, and effectually prevented my awkwardness being remarked upon; and I had the satisfaction of leaving Dublin for the country with the full conviction that nobody, not even those most intimate with me, even suspected the fact of Lord Glenfallen's having made me a formal proposal. This was to me a very serious subject of self-gratulation, for, besides my instinctive dread of becoming the topic of the speculations of gossip, I felt that if the situation which I occupied in relation to him were made publicly known, I should stand committed in a manner which would scarcely leave me the power of retraction The period at which Lord Glenfallen had arranged to visit Ashtown house was now fast approaching, and it became my mother's wish to form me thoroughly to her will, and to obtain my consent to the proposed marriage before his arrival, so that all things might proceed smoothly without apparent opposition or objection upon my part; whatever objections, therefore, I had entertained were to be subdued; whatever disposition to resistance I had exhibited, or had been supposed to feel, were to be completely eradicated before he made his appearance, and my mother addressed herself to the task with a decision and energy against which even the barriers, which her imagination had created, could hardly have stood. If she had, however, expected any determined opposition from me, she was agreeably disappointed; my heart was perfectly free, and all my feelings of liking and preference were in favor of Lord Glenfallen, and I well knew that in case I refused to dispose of myself as I was desired, my mother had alike the power and the will to render my existence as utterly miserable as any, even the most ill-sorted marriage could possibly have done. You will remember, my good friend, that I was very young and very completely under the control of my parents, both of whom, my mother particularly, were unscrupulously determined in matters of this kind, and willing, when voluntary obedience on the part of those within their power was withheld, to compel a forced acquiescence by an unsparing use of all the engines of the most stern and rigorous domestic discipline. All these combined, not unnaturally, induced me to resolve upon yielding at once, and without useless opposition, to what appeared almost to be my fate. The appointed time was come, and my now accepted suitor arrived; he was in high spirits, and, if possible, more entertaining than ever. I was not, however, quite in the mood to enjoy his sprightliness; but whatever I wanted in gaiety was amply made up in the triumphant and gracious good-humor of my mother, whose smiles of benevolence and exultation were showered around as bountifully as the summer sunshine. I will not weary you with unnecessary prolixity. Let it suffice to say, that I was married to Lord Glenfallen with all the attendant pomp and circumstance of wealth, rank, and grandeur. According to the usage of the times, now humanely reformed, the ceremony was made until long past midnight, the season of wild, uproarious, and promiscuous feasting and revelry. Of all this I have a painfully vivid recollection, and particularly of the little annoyances inflicted upon me by the dull and coarse jokes of the wits and wags who abound in all such places, and upon all such occasions. I was not sorry when, after a few days, Lord Glenfallen's carriage appeared at the door to convey us both from Ashtown; for any change would have been a relief from the irksomeness of ceremonial and formality which the visits received in honor of my newly-acquired titles hourly entailed upon me. It was arranged that we were to proceed to Cahergillagh, one of the Glenfallen estates, lying, however, in a southern county, so that a tedious journey (then owing to the impracticability of the roads,) of three days intervened. I set forth with my noble companion, followed by the regrets of some, and by the envy of many, though God knows I little deserved the latter; the three days of travel were now almost spent, when passing the brow of a wild heathy hill, the domain of Cahergillah opened suddenly upon our view. It formed a striking and a beautiful scene. A lake of considerable extent stretching away towards the west, and reflecting from its broad, smooth waters the rich glow of the setting sun, was overhung by steep hills, covered by a rich mantle of velvet sward, broken here and there by the grey front of some old rock, and exhibiting on their shelving sides, their slopes and hollows, every variety of light and shade; a thick wood of dwarf oak, birch, and hazel skirted these hills, and clothed the shores of the lake, running out in rich luxuriance upon every promontory, and spreading upward considerably upon the side of the hills.

"There lies the enchanted castle," said Lord Glenfallen, pointing towards a considerable level space intervening between two of the picturesque hills which rose dimly around the lake. This little plain was chiefly occupied by the same low, wild wood which covered the other parts of the domain; but towards the centre a mass of taller and statelier forest trees stood darkly grouped together, and among them stood an ancient square tower, with many buildings of an humbler character, forming together the manor-house, or, as it was more usually called, the court of Cahergillagh. As we approached the level upon which the mansion stood, the winding road gave us many glimpses of the time-worn castle and its surrounding buildings; and seen as it was through the long vistas of the fine old trees, and with the rich glow of the evening upon it, I have seldom beheld an object more picturesquely striking. I was glad to perceive, too, that here and there the blue curling smoke ascended from stacks of chimneys now hidden by the rich, dark ivy, which, in a great measure, covered the building; other indications of comfort made themselves manifest as we approached; and, indeed, though the place was evidently one of considerable antiquity, it had nothing whatever of the gloom of decay about it.

"You must not, my love," said Lord Glenfallen, "imagine this place worse than it is. I have no taste for antiquity, at least I should not choose a house to reside in because it is old. Indeed I do not recollect that I was even so romantic as to overcome my aversion to rats and rheumatism, those faithful attendants upon your noble relics of feudalism; and I much prefer a snug, modern, unmysterious bed-room, with well-aired sheets, to the waving tapestry, mildewed cushions, and all the other interesting appliances of romance; however, though I cannot promise you all the discomfort generally pertaining to an old castle, you will find legends and ghostly lore enough to claim your respect; and if old Martha be still to the fore, as I trust she is, you will soon have a supernatural and appropriate anecdote for every closet and corner of the mansion; but here we are—so, without more ado, welcome to Cahergillagh."

We now entered the hall of the castle, and while the domestics were employed in conveying our trunks and other luggage which we had brought with us for immediate use to the apartments which Lord Glenfallen had selected for himself and me, I went with him into a spacious sitting room, wainscoted with finely polished black oak, and hung round with the portraits of various of the worthies of the Glenfallen family. This room looked out upon an extensive level covered with the softest green sward, and irregularly bounded by the wild wood I have before mentioned, through the leafy arcade formed by whose boughs and trunks the level beams of the setting sun were pouring; in the distance, a group of dairy maids were plying their task, which they accompanied throughout with snatches of Irish songs which, mellowed by the distance, floated not unpleasingly to the ear; and beside them sat or lay, with all the grave importance of conscious protection, six or seven large dogs of various kinds; farther in the distance, and through the cloisters of the arching wood, two or three ragged urchins were employed in driving such stray kine as had wandered farther than the rest to join their fellows. As I looked upon this scene which I have described, a feeling of tranquillity and happiness came upon me, which I have never experienced in so strong a degree; and so strange to me was the sensation that my eyes filled with tears. Lord Glenfallen mistook the cause of my emotion, and taking me kindly and tenderly by the hand he said, "Do not suppose, my love, that it is my intention to *settle* here; whenever you desire to leave this you have only to let me know your wish, and it shall be complied with; so I must entreat of you not to suffer any circumstances which I can control to give you one moment's uneasiness; but here is old Martha, you must be introduced to her, one of the heir-looms of the family."

A hale, good humored, erect old woman was Martha, and an agreeable contrast to the grim, decrepid hag which my fancy had conjured up, as the depository of all the horrible tales in which I doubted not this old place was most fruitful. She welcomed me and her master with a profusion of gratulations, alternately kissing our hands and apologising for the liberty, until at length Lord Glenfallen put an end to this somewhat fatiguing ceremonial, by requesting her to conduct me to my chamber if it were prepared for my reception. I followed Martha up an old-fashioned, oak stair-case, into a long, dim passage, at the end of which lay the door which communicated with the apartments which had been selected for our use; here the old woman stopped, and respectfully requested me to proceed. I accordingly opened the door, and was about to enter, when something like a mass of black tapestry as it appeared disturbed by my sudden approach, fell from above the door, so as completely to screen the aperture; the startling unexpectedness of the occurrence, and the rustling noise which the drapery made in its descent, caused me involuntarily to step two or three paces backwards. I turned, smiling and half ashamed to the old servant, and said, "You see what a coward I am." The woman looked puzzled, and without saying any more, I was about to draw aside the curtain and enter the room, when upon turning to do so, I was surprised to find that nothing whatever interposed to obstruct the passage. I went into the room, followed by the servant woman, and was amazed to find that it, like the one below, was wainscoted, and that nothing like drapery was to be found near the door.

"Where is it," said I; "what has become of it?"

"What does your ladyship wish to know?" said the old woman.

"Where is the black curtain that fell across the door, when I attempted first to come to my chamber," answered I.

"The cross of Christ about us," said the old woman, turning suddenly pale.

"What is the matter, my good friend," said I; "you seem frightened."

"Oh, no, no, your ladyship," said the old woman, endeavoring to conceal her agitation; but in vain, for tottering towards a chair, she sunk into it, looking so deadly pale and horror-struck that I thought every moment she would faint.

"Merciful God, keep us from harm and danger," muttered she at length.

"What can have terrified you so," said I, beginning to fear that she had seen something more than had met my eye, "you appear ill, my poor woman."

"Nothing, nothing, my lady," said she, rising; "I beg your ladyship's pardon for making so bold; may the great God defend us from misfortune."

"Martha," said I, "something *has* frightened you very much, and I insist on knowing what it is; your keeping me in the dark upon the subject will make me much more uneasy than any thing you could tell me; I desire you, therefore, to let me know what agitates you; I command you to tell me."

"Your ladyship said you saw a black curtain falling across the door when you were coming into the room," said the old woman.

"I did," said I; "but though the whole thing appears somewhat strange, I cannot see anything in the matter to agitate you so excessively."

"It's for no good you saw that, my lady," said the Crone; "something terrible is coming; it's a sign, my lady—a sign that never fails"

"Explain, explain what you mean, my good woman," said I, in spite of myself, catching more than I could account for, of her superstitious terror.

"Whenever something—something *bad* is going to happen to the Glenfallen family, some one that belongs to them sees a black handkerchief or curtain just waved or falling before their faces; I saw it myself," continued she, lowering her voice, "when I was only a little girl, and I'll never forget it; I never saw it till then, nor since, praised be God; but I was going into Lady Jane's room to waken her in the morning; and sure enough when I got first to the bed and began to draw the curtain, something dark was waved across the division, but only for a moment; and when I saw rightly into the bed, there was she lying cold and dead, God be merciful to me; so my lady there is small blame to me to be daunted when any one of the family sees it; for its many's the story I heard of it, though I saw it but once."

I was not of a superstitious turn of mind; yet I could not resist a feeling of awe very nearly allied to the fear which my companion had so unreservedly expressed; and when you consider my situation, the loneliness, antiquity, and gloom of the place, you will allow that the weakness was not without excuse. In spite of old Martha's boding predictions, time flowed on in an unruffled course; one little incident, however, though trifling in itself, I must relate, as it serves to make what follows more intelligible. Upon the day after my arrival, Lord Glenfallen of course desired to make me acquainted with the house and domain; and accordingly we set forth upon our ramble; when returning, he became for some time silent and moody, a state so unusual with him as considerably to excite my surprise, I endeavored by observations and questions to arouse him—but in vain; at length as we approached the house, he said, as if speaking to himself, "'twere madness—madness—madness," repeating the word bitterly—"sure and speedy ruin." There was here a long pause; and at length turning sharply towards me in a tone very unlike that in which he had hitherto addressed me, he said, "do you think it possible that a woman can keep a secret?"

"I am sure," said I, "that women are very much belied upon the score of talkativeness, and that I may answer your question with the same directness with which you put it; I reply that I *do* think a woman can keep a secret!"

"But I do not," said he, drily.

We walked on in silence for a time; I was much astonished at his unwonted abruptness; I had almost said rudeness. After a considerable pause he seemed to recollect himself, and with an effort resuming his sprightly manner, he said, "well, well, the next thing to keeping a secret well is, not to desire to possess one—talkativeness and curiosity generally go together; now I shall make test of you in the first place, respecting the latter of these qualities. I shall be your *Bluebeard*—tush, why do I trifle thus; listen to me, my dear Fanny. I speak now in solemn earnest; what I desire is intimately, inseparably, connected with your happiness and honor as well as my own; and your compliance with my request will not be difficult; it will impose upon you a very trifling restraint during your sojourn here, which certain events which have occurred since our arrival, have determined me shall not be a long one. You must promise me, upon your sacred honor, that you will visit *only* that part of the castle which can be reached from the front entrance, leaving the back entrance and the part of the building commanded immediately by it, to the menials, as also the small garden whose high walls you see yonder; and never at any time seek to pry or peep into them, nor to open the door which communicates from the front part of the house through the corridor with the back. I do not urge this in jest or in caprice, but from a solemn conviction that danger and misery will be the certain consequences of your not observing what I prescribe. I cannot explain myself further at present—promise me, then, these things as you hope for peace here and for mercy hereafter."

I did make the promise as desired, and he appeared relieved; his manner recovered all its gaiety and elasticity, but the recollection of the strange scene which I have just described dwelt painfully upon my mind. More than a month passed away without any occurrence worth recording; but I was not destined to leave Cahergillagh without further adventure; one day intending to enjoy the pleasant sunshine in a ramble through the woods, I ran up to my room to procure my bonnet and shawl: upon entering the chamber, I was surprised and somewhat startled to find it occupied; beside the fireplace and nearly opposite the door, seated in a large, old-fashioned elbow-chair was placed the figure of a lady; she appeared to be nearer fifty than forty, and was dressed suitably to her age, in a handsome suit of flowered silk; she had a profusion of trinkets and jewellery about her person, and many rings upon her fingers; but although very rich, her dress was not gaudy or in ill taste; but what was remarkable in the lady was, that although her features were handsome, and upon the whole pleasing; the pupil of each eye was dimmed with the whiteness of cataract, and she was evidently stone blind. I was for some seconds so surprised at this unaccountable apparition, that I could not find words to address her.

"Madam," said I, "there must be some mistake here—this is my bedchamber."

"Marry come up," said the lady, sharply; "*your* chamber! Where is Lord Glenfallen?"

"He is below, madam," replied I, "and I am convinced he will be not a little surprised to find you here."

"I do not think he will," said she; "with your good leave, talk of what you know something about; tell him I want him; why does the minx dilly dally so?"

In spite of the awe which this grim lady inspired, there was something in her air of confident superiority which, when I considered our relative situations was not a little irritating.

"Do you know, madam, to whom you speak?" said I.

"I neither know nor care," said she; "but I presume that you are some one about the house, so again, I desire you, if you wish to continue here, to bring your master forthwith."

"I must tell you, madam," said I, "that I am Lady Glenfallen."

"What's that," said the stranger, rapidly.

"I say, madam," I repeated, approaching her, that I might be more distinctly heard, "that I am Lady Glenfallen."

"It's a lie, you trull," cried she, in an accent which made me start, and, at the same time, springing forward, she seized me in her grasp and shook me violently, repeating, "it's a lie, it's a lie," with a rapidity and vehemence which swelled every vein of her face; the violence of her action, and the fury which convulsed her face, effectually terrified me, and disengaging myself from her grasp, I screamed as loud as I could for help; the blind woman continued to pour out a torrent of abuse upon me, foaming at the mouth with rage, and impotently shaking her clenched fists towards me. I heard Lord Glenfallen's step upon the stairs, and I instantly ran out; as I past him I perceived that he was deadly pale, and just caught the words, "I hope that demon has not hurt you?" I made some answer, I forget what, and he entered the chamber, the door of which he locked upon the inside; what passed within I know not; but I heard the voices of the two speakers raised in loud and angry altercation. I thought I heard the shrill accents of the woman repeat the words, "let her look to herself;" but I could not be quite sure. This short sentence, however, was, to my alarmed imagination, pregnant with fearful meaning; the storm at length subsided, though not until after a conference of more than two long hours. Lord Glenfallen then returned, pale and agitated, "that unfortunate woman," said he, "is out of her mind; I dare say she treated you to some of her ravings, but you need not dread any further interruption from her, I have brought her so far to reason. She did not hurt you, I trust."

"No, no," said I; "but she terrified me beyond measure."

"Well," said he, "she is likely to behave better for the future, and I dare swear that neither you nor she would desire, after what has passed, to meet again."

This occurrence, so startling and unpleasant, so involved in mystery, and giving rise to many painful surmises, afforded me no very agreeable food for rumination. All attempts on my part to arrive at the truth were baffled; Lord Glenfallen evaded all my enquiries, and at length peremptorily forbid any further allusion to the matter. I was thus obliged to rest satisfied with what I had actually seen, and to trust to time to resolve the perplexities in which the whole transaction had involved me. Lord Glenfallen's temper and spirits gradually underwent a complete and most painful change; he became silent and abstracted, his manner to me was often abrupt, often harsh, some grievous anxiety seemed ever present to his mind; and under its influence his spirits sunk and his temper became soured I soon perceived that his gaiety was rather that which the stir and excitement of society produces, than the result of a healthy habit of mind; and every day confirmed me in the opinion, that the considerate good-nature which I had so much admired in him was little more than a mere manner; and to my infinite grief and surprise, the gay, kind, open-hearted nobleman who had for months followed and flattered me, was rapidly assuming the form of a gloomy, morose, and singularly selfish man; this was a bitter discovery, and I strove to conceal it from myself as long as I could, but the truth was not to be denied, and I was forced to believe that Lord Glenfallen no longer loved me, and that he was at little pains to conceal the alteration in his sentiments. One morning after breakfast, Lord Glenfallen had been for some time walking silently up and down the room, buried in his moody reflections, when pausing suddenly, and turning towards me, he exclaimed,

"I have it, I have it; we must go abroad and stay there, too, and if that does not answer, why—why we must try some more effectual expedient. Lady Glenfallen, I have become involved in heavy embarrassments, a wife you know must share the fortunes of her husband, for better for worse, but I will waive my right if you prefer remaining here—here at Cahergillagh; for I would not have you seen elsewhere without the state to which your rank entitles you; besides it would break your poor mother's heart," he added, with sneering gravity, "so make up your mind—Cahergillagh or France. I will start if possible in a week, so determine between this and then."

He left the room, and in a few moments I saw him ride past the window, followed by a mounted servant; he had directed a domestic to inform me that he should not be back until the next day. I was in very great doubt as to what course of conduct I should pursue, as to accompany him in the continental tour so suddenly determined upon, I felt that it would be a hazard too great to encounter; for at Cahergillagh I had always the consciousness to sustain me, that if his temper at any time led him into violent or unwarrantable treatment of me, I had a remedy within reach, in the protection and support of my own family, from all useful and effective communication with whom, if once in France, I should be entirely debarred. As to remaining at Cahergillagh in solitude, and for aught I know, exposed to hidden dangers, it appeared to me scarcely less objectionable than the former proposition; and yet I feared that with one or other I must comply, unless I was prepared to come to an actual breach with Lord Glenfallen; full of these unpleasing doubts and perplexities, I retired to rest. I was wakened, after having slept uneasily for some hours, by some person shaking me rudely by the shoulder; a small lamp burned in my room, and by its light, to my horror and amazement, I discovered that my visitant was the self-same blind, old lady who had so terrified me a few weeks before. I started up in bed, with a view to ring the bell, and alarm the domestics, but she instantly anticipated me by saying, "do not be frightened, silly girl; if I had wished to harm you I could have done it while you were sleeping. I need not have wakened you; listen to me, now, attentively and fearlessly; for what I have to say, interests you to the full as much as it does me; tell me, here, in the presence of God, did Lord Glenfallen marry you, *actually marry* you? speak the truth, woman."

"As surely as I live and speak," I replied, "did Lord Glenfallen marry me in presence of more than a hundred witnesses."

"Well," continued she, "he should have told you *then*, before you married him, that he had a wife living, which wife I am; I feel you tremble—tush! do not be frightened. I do not mean to harm you—mark me now—you are *not* his wife. When I make my story known you will be so, neither in the eye of God nor of man; you must leave this house upon to-morrow; let the world know that your husband has another wife living; go, you, into retirement, and leave him to justice, which will surely overtake him. If you remain in this house after to morrow, you will reap the bitter fruits of your sin," so saying, she quitted the room, leaving me very little disposed to sleep.

Here was food for my very worst and most terrible suspicions; still there was not enough to remove all doubt I had no proof of the truth of this woman's statement. Taken by itself there was nothing to induce me to attach weight to it; but when I viewed it in connection with the extraordinary mystery of some of Lord Glenfallen's proceedings, his strange anxiety to exclude me from certain portions of the mansion, doubtless, lest I should encounter this person—the strong influence, nay, command, which she possessed over him, a circumstance clearly established by the very fact of her residing in the very place, where of all others, he should least have desired to find her—her thus acting, and continuing to act in direct contradiction to his wishes; when I say I viewed her disclosure in connection with all these circumstances, I could not help feeling that there was at least a fearful veri-similitude in the allegations which she had made. Still I was not satisfied, nor nearly so; young minds have a reluctance almost insurmountable to believing upon any thing short of unquestionable proof, the existence of premeditated guilt in any one whom they have ever trusted; and in support of this feeling I was assured that if the assertion of Lord Glenfallen, which nothing in this woman's manner had led me to disbelieve, were true, namely, that her mind was unsound, the whole fabric of my doubts and fears must fall to the ground. I determined to state to Lord Glenfallen freely and accurately the substance of the communication which I had just heard, and in his words and looks to seek for its proof or refutation; full of these thoughts I remained wakeful and excited all night, every moment fancying that I heard the step, or saw the figure of my recent visitor towards whom I felt a species of horror and dread which I can hardly describe. There was something in her face, though her features had evidently been handsome, and were not, at first sight, unpleasing, which, upon a nearer inspection, seemed to indicate the habitual prevalence and indulgence of evil passions, and a power of expressing mere animal anger, with an intenseness that I have seldom seen equalled, and to whom an almost unearthly effect was given by the convulsive quivering of the sightless eyes. You may easily suppose that it was no very pleasing reflection to me to consider, that whenever caprice might induce her to return, I was within the reach of this violent, and, for aught I knew, insane woman, who had, upon that very night, spoken to me in a tone of menace, of which her mere words, divested of the manner and look with which she uttered them, can convey but a faint idea. Will you believe me when I tell you that I was actually afraid to leave my bed in order to secure the door, lest I should again encounter the dreadful object in some corner or peeping from behind the window curtains, so very a child was I in my fears.

The morning came, and with it Lord Glenfallen. I knew not, and indeed I cared not, where he might have been; my thoughts were wholly engrossed by the terrible fears and suspicions which my last night's conference had suggested to me; he was, as usual, gloomy and abstracted, and I feared in no very fitting mood to hear what I had to say with patience, whether the charges were true or false. I was, however, determined not to suffer the opportunity to pass, or Lord Glenfallen to leave the room, until, at all hazards, I had unburdened my mind.

"My Lord," said I, after a long silence, summoning up all my firmness, "my lord, I wish to say a few words to you upon a matter of very great importance, of very deep concernment to you and me." I fixed my eyes upon him to discern, if possible, whether the announcement caused him any uneasiness, but no symptom of any such feeling was perceptible.

"Well, my dear," said he, "this is, no doubt, a very grave preface, and portends, I have no doubt, something extraordinary—pray let us have it without more ado."

He took a chair, and seated himself nearly opposite to me.

"My lord," said I, "I have seen the person who alarmed me so much a short time since, the blind lady, again, upon last night;" his face, upon which my eyes were fixed, turned pale, he hesitated for a moment, and then said—

"And did you, pray madam, so totally forget or spurn my express command, as to enter that portion of the house from which your promise, I might say, your oath, excluded you—answer me that?" he added fiercely

"My lord," said I, "I have neither forgotten your *commands*, since such they were, nor disobeyed them. I was, last night, wakened from my sleep, as I lay in my own chamber, and accosted by the person whom I have mentioned—how she found access to the room I cannot pretend to say."

"Ha! this must be looked to," said he, half reflectively; "and pray," added he, quickly, while in turn he fixed his eyes upon me, "what did this person say, since some comment upon her communication forms, no doubt, the sequel to your preface."

"Your lordship is not mistaken," said I, "her statement was so extraordinary that I could not think of withholding it from you; she told me, my lord, that you had a wife living at the time you married me, and that she was that wife."

Lord Glenfallen became ashy pale, almost livid; he made two or three efforts to clear his voice to speak, but in vain, and turning suddenly from me, he walked to the window; the horror and dismay which, in the olden time overwhelmed the woman of Endor, when her spells unexpectodly conjured the dead into her presence, were but types of what I felt, when thus presented with what appeared to be almost unequivocal evidence of the guilt, whose existence I had before so strongly doubted. There was a silence of some moments, during which it were hard to conjecture whether I or my companion suffered most. Lord Glenfallen soon recovered his self-command; he returned to the table, again sat down and said—

"What you have told me has so astonished me, has unfolded such a tissue of motiveless guilt, and in a quarter from which I had so little reason to look for ingratitude or treachery, that your announcement almost deprived me of speech; the person in question, however has one excuse, her mind is, as I told you before, unsettled. You should have remembered that, and hesitated to receive as unexceptionable evidence against the honor of your husband, the ravings of a lunatic. I now tell you that this is the last time I shall speak to you upon this subject, and, in the presence of the God who is to judge me, and as I hope for mercy in the day of judgment, I swear that the charge thus brought against me, is utterly false, unfounded, and ridiculous; I defy the world, in any point, to taint my honor; and, as I have never taken the opinion of madmen touching your character or morals, I think it but fair to require that you will evince a like tenderness for me; and now, once for all, never again dare to repeat to me your insulting suspicions, or the clumsy and infamous calumnies of fools. I shall instantly let the worthy lady who contrived this somewhat original device, understand fully my opinion upon the matter—good morning;" and with these words he left me again in doubt, and involved in horrors of the most agonizing suspense. I had reason to think that Lord Glenfallen wreaked his vengeance upon the author of the strange story which I had heard, with a violence which was not satisfied with mere words, for old Martha, with whom I was a great favorite, while attending me in my room, told me that she feared her master had ill-used the poor blind Dutch woman, for that she had heard her scream as if the very life were leaving her, but added a request that I should not speak of what she had told me to any one, particularly to the master.

"How do you know that she is a Dutch woman?" inquired I, anxious to learn anything whatever that might throw a light upon the history of this person, who seemed to have resolved to mix herself up in my fortunes.

"Why, my lady," answered Martha, "the master often calls her the Dutch hag, and other names you would not like to hear, and I am sure she is neither English nor Irish; for, whenever they talk together, they speak some queer foreign lingo, and fast enough, I'll be bound; but I ought not to talk about her at all; it might be as much as my place is worth to mention her—only you saw her first yourself, so there can be no great harm in speaking of her now."

"How long has this lady been here?" continued I.

"She came early in the morning after your ladyship's arrival," answered she; "but do not ask me any more, for the master would think nothing of turning me out of doors for daring to speak of her at all, much less to *you*, my lady."

I did not like to press the poor woman further; for her reluctance to speak on this topic was evident and strong. You will readily believe that upon the very slight grounds which my information afforded, contradicted as it was by the solemn oath of my husband, and derived from what was, at best, a very questionable source, I could not take any very decisive measure whatever; and as to the menace of the strange woman who had thus unaccountably twice intruded herself into my chamber, although, at the moment, it occasioned me some uneasiness, it was not, even in my eyes, sufficiently formidable to induce my departure from Cahergillagh.

A few nights after the scene which I have just mentioned, Lord Glenfallen having, as usual, early retired to his study, I was left alone in the parlor to amuse myself as best I might. It was not strange that my thoughts should often recur to the agitating scenes in which I had recently taken a part; the subject of my reflections, the solitude, the silence, and the lateness of the hour, as also the depression of spirits to which I had of late been a constant prey, tended to produce that nervous excitement which places us wholly at the mercy of the imagination. In order to calm my spirits, I was endeavoring to direct my thoughts into some more pleasing channel, when I heard, or thought I heard, uttered, within a few yards of me, in an odd half-sneering tone, the words, "There is blood upon your ladyship's throat." So vivid was the impression, that I started to my feet, and involuntarily placed my hand upon my neck. I looked around the room for the speaker, but in vain. I went then to the room-door, which I opened, and peered into the passage, nearly faint with horror, lest some leering, shapeless thing should greet me upon the threshold. When I had gazed long enough to assure myself that no strange object was within sight.

"I have been too much of a rake, lately; I am racking out my nerves," said I, speaking aloud, with a view to re-assure myself. I rang the bell, and, attended by old Martha, I retired to settle for the night. While the servant was, as was her custom, arranging the lamp which I have already stated always burned during the night in my chamber, I was employed in undressing, and, in doing so, I had recourse to a large looking-glass which occupied a considerable portion of the wall in which it was fixed, rising from the ground to a height of about six feet; the mirror filled the space of a large pannel in the wainscoting opposite the foot of the bed. I had hardly been before it for the lapse of a minute, when something like a black pall was slowly waved between me and it.

"Oh, God! there it is," I exclaimed wildly. "I have seen it again, Martha the black cloth."

"God be merciful to us, then!" answered she, tremulously crossing herself. "Some misfortune is over us."

"No, no, Martha," said I, almost instantly recovering my collectedness; for, although of a nervous temperament, I had never been superstitious. "I do not believe in omens. You know, I saw, or fancied I saw, this thing before, and nothing followed."

"The Dutch lady came the next morning," replied she.

"Methinks, such an occurrence scarcely deserved a supernatural announcement," I replied.

"She is a strange woman, my lady," said Martha, "and she is not *gone* yet—mark my words."

"Well, well, Martha," said I, "I have not wit enough to change your opinions, nor inclination to alter mine; so I will talk no more of the matter. Good night," and so I was left to my reflections. After lying for about an hour awake, I at length fell into a kind of doze; but my imagination was still busy, for I was startled from this unrefreshing sleep by fancying that I heard a voice close to my face exclaim as before, "There is blood upon your ladyship's throat." The words were instantly followed by a loud burst of laughter. Quaking with horror, I awakened, and heard my husband enter the room. Even this was a relief. Scared as I was, however, by the tricks which my imagination had played me, I preferred remaining silent, and pretending to sleep, to attempting to engage my husband in conversation, for I well knew that his mood was such that his words would not, in all probability, convey anything that had not better be unsaid and unheard. Lord Glenfallen went into his dressing-room, which lay upon the right-hand side of the bed. The door lying open, I could see him by himself, at full length upon a sofa, and, in about half an hour, I became aware by his deep and regularly drawn respiration, that he was fast asleep. When slumber refuses to visit one, there is something peculiarly irritating, not to the temper, but to the nerves, in the consciousness that some one is in your immediate presence, actually enjoying the boon which you are seeking in vain; at least, I have always found it so, and never more than upon the present occasion. A thousand annoying imaginations harrassed and excited me, every object which I looked upon, though ever so familiar, seemed to have acquired a strange phantom-like character, the varying shadows thrown by the flickering of the lamp-light, seemed shaping themselves into grotesque and unearthly forms, and whenever my eyes wandered to the sleeping figure of my husband, his features appeared to undergo the strangest and most demoniacal contortions. Hour after hour was told by the old clock, and each succeeding one found me, if possible, less inclined to sleep than its predecessor. It was now considerably past three; my eyes, in their involuntary wanderings, happened to alight upon the large mirror which was, as I have said, fixed in the wall opposite the foot of the bed. A view of it was commanded from where I lay, through the curtains, as I gazed fixedly upon it, I thought I perceived the broad sheet of glass shifting its position in relation to the bed; I rivetted my eyes upon it with intense scrutiny; it was no deception, the mirror, as if acting of its own impulse, moved slowly aside, and disclosed a dark aperture in the wall, nearly as large as an ordinary door; a figure evidently stood in this; but the light was too dim to define it accurately. It stepped cautiously into the chamber, and with so little noise, that had I not actually seen it, I do not think I should have been aware of its presence. It was arrayed in a kind of woolen night-dress, and a white hankerchief or cloth was bound tightly about the head; I had no difficulty spite of the strangeness of the attire in recognising the blind woman whom I so much dreaded. She stooped down, bringing her head nearly to the ground, and in that attidude she remained motionless for some moments, no doubt in order to ascertain if any suspicious sound were stirring. She was apparently satisfied by her observations, for she immediately recommenced her silent progress towards a ponderous mahogany dressing table of my husband's; when she had reached it, she paused again, and appeared to listen attentively for some minutes; she then noiselessly opened one of the drawers from which, having groped for some time, she took something which I soon perceived to be a case of razors; she opened it and tried the edge of each of the two instruments upon the skin of her hand; she quickly selected one, which she fixed firmly in her grasp; she now stooped down as before, and having listened for a time, she, with the hand that was disengaged, groped her way into the dressing room where Lord Glenfallen lay fast asleep. I was fixed as if in the tremendous spell of a night mare. I could not stir even a finger; I could not lift my voice; I could not even breathe, and though I expected every moment to see the sleeping man murdered, I could not even close my eyes to shut out the horrible spectacle, which I had not the power to avert. I saw the woman approach the sleeping figure, she laid the unoccupied hand lightly along his clothes, and having thus ascertained his identity, she, after a brief interval, turned back and again entered my chamber; here she bent down again to listen. I had now not a doubt but that the razor was intended for my throat; yet the terrific fascination which had locked all my powers so long, still continued to bind me fast. I felt that my life depended upon the slightest ordinary exertion, and yet I could not stir one joint from the position in which I lay, nor even make noise enough to waken Lord Glenfallen. The murderous woman now, with long, silent steps, approached the bed; my very heart seemed turning to ice; her left hand, that which was disengaged, was upon the pillow; she gradually slid it forward towards my head, and in an instant, with the speed of lightning, it was clutched in my hair, while, with the other hand, she dashed the razor at my throat. A slight inaccuracy saved me from instant death; the blow fell short, the point of the razor grazing my throat; in a moment I know not how, I found myself at the other side of the bed uttering shriek after shriek; the wretch was, however, determined if possible to murder me, scrambling along by the curtains; she rushed round the bed towards me; I seized the handle of the door to make my escape; it was, however, fastened; at all events I could not open it, from the mere instinct of recoiling terror, I shrunk back into a corner—she was now within a yard of me—her hand was upon my face—I closed my eyes fast, expecting never to open them again, when a blow, inflicted from behind by a strong arm, stretched the monster senseless at my feet; at the same moment the door opened, and several domestics, alarmed by my cries, entered the apartment. I do not recollect what followed, for I fainted. One swoon succeeded another so long and death-like, that my life was considered very doubtful. At about ten o'clock, however, I sunk into a deep and refreshing sleep, from which I was awakened at about two, that I might swear my deposition before a magistrate, who attended for that purpose. I, accordingly, did so, as did also Lord Glenfallen; and the woman was fully committed to stand her trial at the ensuing assizes. I shall never forget the scene which the examination of the blind woman and of the other parties afforded. She was brought into the room in the custody of two servants; she wore a kind of flannel wrapper which had not been changed since the night before; it was torn and soiled, and here and there smeared with blood, which had flowed in large quantities from a wound in her head; the white handkerchief had fallen off in the scuffle; and her grizzled hair fell in masses about her wild and deadly pale countenance. She appeared perfectly composed, however, and the only regret she expressed throughout, was at not having succeeded in her attempt, the object of which she did not pretend to conceal. On being asked her name, she called herself the Countess Glenfallen, and refused to give any other title.

"The woman's name is Flora Van-Kemp," said Lord Glenfallen.

"It *was*, it *was*, you perjured traitor and cheat," screamed the woman; and then there followed a volley of words in some foreign language. "Is there a magistrate here," she resumed; "I am Lord Glenfallen's wife—I'll prove it—write down my words. I am willing to be hanged or burned, so *he* meets his deserts. I did try to kill that doll of his; but it was he who put it into my head to do it—two wives were too many—I was to murder her, or she was to hang me—listen to all I have to say."

Here Lord Glenfallen interrupted.

"I think sir," said he, addressing the magistrate, "that we had better proceed to business, this unhappy woman's furious recriminations but waste our time; if she refuses to answer your questions, you had better, I presume, take my depositions."

"And are you going to swear away my life, you black perjured murderer!" shrieked the woman. "Sir, sir, sir, you must hear me," she continued, addressing the magistrate, "I can convict him—he bid me murder that girl, and then when I failed, he came behind me, and struck me down, and now he wants to swear away my life—take down all I say."

"If it is your intention," said the magistrate, "to confess the crime with which you stand charged, you may, upon producing sufficient evidence, criminate whom you please."

"Evidence!—I have no evidence but myself," said the woman. "I will swear it all—write down my testimony—write it down, I say—we shall hang side by side, my brave Lord—all your own handy-work, my gentle husband." This was followed by a low, insolent, and sneering laugh, which, from one in her situation, was sufficiently horrible.

"I will not at present hear anything," replied he, "but distinct answers t the questions which I shall put to you upon this matter."

"Then you shall hear nothing," replied she sullenly, and no inducement or intimidation could bring her to speak again.

Lord Glenfallen's disposition and mine were then given, as also those of the servants who had entered the room at the moment of my rescue; the magistrate then intimated that she was committed, and must proceed directly to gaol, whither she was brought in a carriage of Lord Glenfallen's, for his lordship was naturally by no means indifferent to the effect which her vehement accusations against himself might produce, if uttered before every chance hearer whom she might meet with between Cahergillagh and the place of confinement whither she was dispatched.

During the time which intervened between the committal and the trial of the prisoner, Lord Glenfallen seemed to suffer agonies of mind which baffle all description, he hardly ever slept, and when he did, his slumbers seemed but the instruments of new tortures, and his waking hours were, if possible, exceeded in intensity of terrors by the dreams which disturbed his sleep. Lord Glenfallen rested, if to lie in the mere attitude of repose were to do so, in his dressing-room, and thus I had an opportunity of witnessing, far oftener than I wished it, the fearful workings of his mind; his agony often broke out into such fearful paroxysms that delirium and total loss of reason appeared to be impending; he frequently spoke of flying from the country, and bringing with him all the witnesses of the appalling scene upon which the prosecution was founded; then again he would fiercely lament that the blow which he had inflicted had not ended all.

The assizes arrived, however, and upon the day appointed, Lord Glenfallen and I attended in order to give our evidence. The cause was called on, and the prisoner appeared at the bar. Great curiosity and interest were felt respecting the trial, so that the court was crowded to excess. The prisoner, however, without appearing to take the trouble of listening to the indictment, pleaded guilty, and no representations on the part of the court, availed to induce her to retract her plea. After much time had been wasted in a fruitless attempt to prevail upon her to reconsider her words, the court proceeded according to the usual form, to pass sentence. This having been done, the prisoner was about to be removed, when she said in a low, distinct voice—

"A word—a word, my Lord:—is Lord Glenfallen here in the court?" On being told that he was, she raised her voice to a tone of loud menace, and continued—

"Hardress, Earl of Glenfallen, I accuse you here in this court of justice of two crimes,—first, that you married a second wife, while the first was living, and again, that you prompted me to the murder, for attempting which I am to die;—secure him—chain him—bring him here"

There was a laugh through the court at these words, which were naturally treated by the judge as a violent extemporary recrimination, and the woman was desired to be silent.

"You wont take him, then," she said, "you wont try him? You'll let him go free?"

It was intimated by the court that he would certainly be allowed "to go free," and she was ordered again to be removed. Before, however, the mandate was executed, she threw her arms wildly into the air, and uttered one piercing shriek so full of preternatural rage and despair, that it might fitly have ushered a soul into those realms where hope can come no more. The sound still rang in my ears, months after the voice that had uttered it was for ever silent. The wretched woman was executed in accordance with the sentence which had been pronounced.

For some time after this event, Lord Glenfallen appeared, if possible, to suffer more than he had done before, and altogether, his language, which often amounted to half confessions of the guilt imputed to him, and all the circumstances connected with the late occurrences, formed a mass of evidence so convincing that I wrote to my father, detailing the grounds of my fears, and imploring him to come to Cahergillagh without delay, in order to remove me from my husband's control, previously to taking legal steps for a final separation. Circumstanced as I was, my existence was little short of intolerable, for, besides the fearful suspicions which attached to my husband, I plainly perceived that if Lord Glenfallen were not relieved, and that speedily, insanity must supervene. I therefore expected my father's arrival, or at least a letter to announce it, with indescribable impatience.

About a week after the execution had taken place, Lord Glenfallen one morning met me with an unusually sprightly air—

"Fanny," said he, "I have it now for the first time, in my power to explain to your satisfaction every thing which has hitherto appeared suspicious or mysterious in my conduct. After breakfast come with me to my study, and I shall, I hope, make all things clear."

This invitation afforded me more real pleasure than I had experienced for months; something had certainly occurred to tranquillize my husband's mind, in no ordinary degree, and I thought it by no means impossible that he would, in the proposed interview, prove himself the most injured and innocent of men. Full of this hope I repaired to his study at the appointed hour; he was writing busily when I entered the room, and just raising his eyes, he requested me to be seated. I took a chair as he desired, and remained silently awaiting his leisure, while he finished, folded, directed, and sealed his letter; laying it then upon the table, with the address downward, he said—

"My dearest Fanny, I know I must have appeared very strange to you and very unkind—often even cruel; before the end of this week I will show you the necessity of my conduct; how impossible it was that I should have seemed otherwise. I am conscious that many acts of mine must have inevitably given rise to painful suspicions—suspicions, which indeed, upon one occasion you very properly communicated to me. I have gotten two letters from a quarter which commands respect, containing information as to the course by which I may be enabled to prove the negative of all the crimes which even the most credulous suspicion could lay to my charge. I expected a third by this morning's post, containing documents which will set the matter for ever at rest, but owing, no doubt, to some neglect, or, perhaps, to some difficulty in collecting the papers, some inevitable delay, it has not come to hand this morning, according to my expectation. I was finishing one to the very same quarter when you came in, and if a sound rousing be worth anything, I think I shall have a special messenger before two days have passed. I have been thinking over the matter within myself, whether I had better imperfectly clear up your doubts by submitting to your inspection the two letters which I have already received, or wait till I can triumphantly vindicate myself by the production of the documents which I have already mentioned, and I have, I think, not unnaturally decided upon the latter course; however, there is a person in the next room, whose testimony is not without its value—excuse me for one moment."

So saying, he arose and went to the door of a closet which opened from the study, this he unlocked, and half opening the door, he said, "it is only I," and then slipped into the room, and carefully closed and locked the door behind him. I immediately heard his voice in animated conversation; my curiosity upon the subject of the letter was naturally great, so smothering any little scruples which I might have felt, I resolved to look at the address of the letter which lay as my husband had left it, with its face upon the table. I accordingly drew it over to me, and turned up the direction. For two or three moments I could scarce believe my eyes, but there could be no mistake—in large characters were traced the words, "To the Archangel Gabriel in heaven." I had scarcely returned the letter to its original position, and in some degree recovered the shock which this unequivocal proof of insanity produced, when the closet door was unlocked, and Lord Glenfallen re-entered the study, carefully closing and locking the door again upon the outside.

"Whom have you there?" inquired I, making a strong effort to appear calm.

"Perhaps," said he musingly, "you might have some objection to seeing her, at least for a time."

"Who is it?" repeated I.

"Why," said he, "I see no use in hiding it—the blind Dutchwoman; I have been with her the whole morning. She is very anxious to get out of that closet, but you know she is odd, she is scarcely to be trusted."

A heavy gust of wind shook the door at this moment with a sound as if something more substantial were pushing against it.

"Ha, ha, ha!—do you hear her," said he, with an obstreperous burst of laughter. The wind died away in a long howl, and Lord Glenfallen, suddenly checking his merriment, shrugged his shoulders, and muttered—

"Poor devil, she has been hardly used"

"We had better not tease her at present with questions," said I, in as unconcerned a tone as I could assume, although I felt every moment as if I should faint.

"Humph! may be so," said he, "well, come back in an hour or two, or when you please, and you will find us here."

He again unlocked the door, and entered with the same precautions which he had adopted before, locking the door upon the inside, and as I hurried from the room, I heard his voice again exerted as if in eager parley. I can hardly describe my emotions; my hopes had been raised to the highest, and now, in an instant, all was gone—the dreadful consummation was accomplished—the fearful retribution had fallen upon the guilty man—the mind was destroyed—the power to repent was gone. The agony of the hours which followed what I would still call my *awful* interview with Lord Glenfallen, I cannot describe; my solitude was, however, broken in upon by Martha, who came to inform me of the arrival of a gentleman, who expected me in the parlor. I accordingly descended, and, to my great joy, found my father seated by the fire. This expedition upon his part was easily accounted for: my communications had touched the honor of the family. I speedily informed him of the dreadful malady which had fallen upon the wretched man. My father suggested the necessity of placing some person to watch him, to prevent his injuring himself or others. I rang the bell, and desired that one Edward Cooke, an attached servant of the family, should be sent to me. I told him distinctly and briefly the nature of the service required of him, and, attended by him, my father and I proceeded at once to the study: the door of the inner room was still closed, and every thing in the outer chamber remained in the same order in which I had left it. We then advanced to the closet door, at which we knocked, but without receiving any answer. We next tried to open the door, but in vain—it was locked upon the inside; we knocked more loudly, but in vain. Seriously alarmed, I desired the servant to force the door, which was, after several violent efforts, accomplished, and we entered the closet. Lord Glenfallen was lying on his face upon a sofa.

"Hush," said I, "he is asleep;" and we paused for a moment.

"He is too still for that," said my father; we all of us felt a strong reluctance to approach the figure.

"Edward," said I, "try whether your master sleeps."

The servant approached the sofa where Lord Glenfallen lay; he leant his ear towards the head of the recumbent figure, to ascertain whether the sound of breathing was audible; he turned towards us, and said—

"My lady, you had better not wait here, I am sure he is dead."

"Let me see the face," said I, terribly agitated, "you *may* be mistaken."

The man then, in obedience to my command, turned the body round, and, gracious God! what a sight met my view;—he was, indeed, perfectly dead.—The whole breast of the shirt, with its lace frill, was drenched with gore, as was the couch underneath the spot where he lay. The head hung back, as it seemed almost severed from the body by a frightful gash, which yawned across the throat. The instrument which had inflicted it, was found under his body. All, then, was over; I was never to learn the history in whose termination I had been so deeply and tragically involved.

The severe discipline which my mind had undergone was not bestowed in vain. I directed my thoughts and my hopes to that place where there is no more sin, nor danger, nor sorrow.

Thus ends a brief tale, whose prominent incidents many will recognize as having marked the history of a distinguished family, and though it refers to a somewhat distant date, we shall be found not to have taken, upon that account, any liberties with the facts, but in our statement of all the incidents, to have rigorously and faithfully adhered to the truth. Dublin University Magazine.

"Jim, how does the thermometer stand to-day?" "Our's stands on the mantel-piece, right agin the the plasterin."

Mr. Bowes's Hetman Platoff, and Mickleton Maid, passed through Doncaster on Wednesday last, per van, from Newmarket.

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

Boston and Wagner.—As the erudite and elegant Justice Bloodgood said to Sam B., the sporting world has been for months on the *kwy wivy* (qui vive) to earn something relative to the match offered by Boston to Wagner. It will be seen by a paragraph in another place, that Wagner has gone down the river to New Orleans, and that he will have to fight his battles o'er again, as Billy Townes, Bee's-wing, and The Poney, are there waiting to give him a taste of their quality. From information gathered by the senior editor in the South, he deems it probable that should Wagner be successful in New Orleans this month, he will offer to meet Boston there next April; if not, he will be sent to Kentucky and go into the breeding stud. Boston's legs are now looking so fine, and he has been running so kindly this Fall, that Arthur Taylor thinks it a great shame to withdraw him from the Turf; besides, in the event of Boston's retirement, Col. Johnson has nothing to place at the head of his string, and would miss him sadly as a trial horse. Boston can earn $10,000 in the Stud next season, but for the reasons given above, any chance of getting a match would keep him on the Turf another year. The prospect of a match over any central course (in Virginia or Kentucky) is very remote, and should the slightest mishap occur to Wagner, the whole thing would fall through.

The *New Orleans Races*, over the Metarie Course, commenced on the 12th instant. A most exciting four mile race will probably come off between *Wagner, Billy Townes*, and *Bee's-wing*. Before the senior editor left Carolina, it was understood that Wagner had left Newport for New Orleans, while Gil. Patrick left Col. Hampton's stable, at Columbia, after the races there, to ride Billy Townes; Gil. returns to Col. H. in time for the Charleston races in Feb. The "True American," of the 5th instant, anticipates an uncommonly fine meeting, and gives the annexed bulletin:—

Already we see our old friends, Adams and Garrison, in the field, preparing. Oliver and Tayloe are daily expected. Garrison arrived yesterday, and landed Walker Thurston's *Ralph*, half brother to Grey Eagle.

Col. Oliver is on his way, in the John Armstrong, with several fine horses, among which is a full sister to Richard of York. In the Mail, are the famous Wagner, Buckeye, called the invincible at the North, and considered second to Wagner, Altorf, by Fyldo, who ran here against Bee's-wing, last season; and Glorvina, well known on our race tracks.

Barrow's stable left home on Wednesday for this place, among others it consists of Pressure, (alias Mad Anthony,) too well known to need comment, and some promising 3 yr. olds.

Col. Bingaman is also on his way, with Fire Eater, Spanking Jack, Bandbox, and the Gliding Snake—all crack nags; and with them he has also our old favorite Fanny Wright, his beautiful Sarah Bladen, and Martha Malone, Ajax, and some untried two year olds.

Mr. Minor is coming down with his two imported horses, Doncaster and Britannia. Sir Ariss, Longwaist, Telie Doe, and Doctor Syntax.

Mr. Duplantier will be here with Roderick Dhu, Wren, Dandy, and several others of good repute.

The celebrated Billy Townes has arrived, in company with Lucy Fuller and several others.

John F. Miller, the pioneer of racing in New Orleans, has his stable here; he does not boast of Wagners and Grey Eagles, but he has some nice ones; such as Jasper, Curculia, and some young things of fine promise.

Watson is going to show off with Bee's-wing, The Poney, Fandango, Little Red and others, either of them enough to make you look straight.

Then there is Mr. Wells, with Linnet, the Queen of Trumps, &c.; Dr. Smith with Maria Duke, and Sthreshly; Tayloe with Maria Black, and others; Harrison with Pollard Brown; and then comes some more Creole. The Kenners, who have Greydock, Richard of York, who was not beaten and killed by Richmond, Picayune, and a son of Rodolph. Perry's stable with Stub Twist, and one or two more.

The above is not a complete list; there will be several other stables in attendance from Alabama, Kentucky, and Tennessee. Van Leer will probably "call" on his way to Texas.

The British barque *Grace*, arrived at Charleston on the 10th inst., after a very tedious passage, from Liverpool. She brought out two very promising fillies for Matthew R. Singleton, Esq., three or four more to order, and some fine cattle.

The Charleston Races (which commence on the 20th February) promise to be unusually interesting. Notwithstanding the disasters in Col. Hampton's stable he will be there in force, and it will be found that like another "Napoleon," he "is never more to be feared than in his reverses." Should *Fanny* prove a second *Trifle*, (and the resemblance in many respects is very striking) she will hardly supply *Monarch's* place; in addition to *Omega* and *Zenobia*, and Mr. McDaniel's string of six from Raleigh, we should not be surprised if *Andrewetta* and *Passenger* found their way to Charleston from the North. It appears to be settled that *Clarion* will not leave New Jersey. Messrs. Hammond, Edmondson, and Palmer of Georgia, are strengthening their stables by recruits, and it would not surprise us if additions were made to several in Carolina from the South and North, that are not dreamed of by the sporting world generally. Who knows what "cracks" will be brought out by Messrs. Singleton, Richardson, Flud, Sinkler, McRa, Gist and others, to make their debut on the Carolina Turf? A thousand rumors are afloat that strings of horses which had been turned out in Virginia, have been suddenly taken up, and that the owners of more than one strong stable in Georgia and Alabama, are calculating the chances of "picking up the expenses" of a trip to Charleston.

Col. Heth's *Balie Peyton*,—the crack three mile horse of the Old Dominion,—will not be trained another season, we learn. John Alcock, his trainer, has given up all hopes of his making another hard race.

The Queen.—It is with the sincerest regret we state that it is very doubtful whether this splendid filly will ever show again on the Turf. She is turned out until next Fall, to give her every chance to recover herself; if she was lamed in her race against Boston, all hopes of her recovery are at an end, but many think she was lamed in her last race at Broad Rock, though she won handily. There are several circumstances connected with her sale and lameness, not quite so clear as mud.

Natchez Races.—On the last day Capt. Wm. J. Minor's b. f. *Telie Doe*, beat Col. Bingaman's gr. f. *Bandbox*, as the "Free Trader" says, "into the middle of next summer" The interest excited by this race was great, and some ten thousand dollars changed hands. We shall receive the official report of the meeting in a few days.

The Houston (Texas) Jockey Club Races, commenced on the 25th ult., with a sweepstakes of three subscribers of $1000 each. The nominations were Colorado, Charlotte Hill, and Kleber.

Our Engravings.—Portraits of *Shark* and *Monarch* are nearly ready, engraved in the most superb style for the "Spirit," by Dick. Hinchilwood is also engaged upon a picture of *Hedgeford*. Among others, the Editor brought home with him two pictures of *Argyle*, one by Troye and another by De Lattre; and also a splendid picture of *Boston*, by the artist last named—the best portrait he has ever painted. Boston's portrait goes into the engraver's hands at once, and will be given to our "Spirit" subscribers early in the Spring. For the "Register," the Editor has two superb cabinet pictures by Troye, of the stock of Messrs. Pindell, of Kentucky—one a group of cattle and sheep, and the other, of the Messrs. P's. stud of Horses. He has also for the same work, a portrait of Col. Singleton's celebrated *Phenomena*—of Messrs. Kirkman & Dickinson's *Wacousta*—of Col. Hampton's *Delphine*, with *Herald* at her foot,—and several others The volume of the "Turf Register" just out, contained *Seventeen Engravings on Steel*, by Dick and Prud'homme; besides several highly finished engravings on wood, by Childs, Forbes, and Butler.

Gov. Sprigg, of Maryland, advertises for sale, in to-day's paper, some of the finest stock on either side of the Potomac. The detailed pedigrees may all be found in the Turf Register.

"What's the reason Campbell won't make the match on Wagner against Boston?" has been asked us a hundred times. Hewitt, of the "Baltimore Clipper," says the reason Campbell won't make it to come off over the Kendall Course there, is *because*—he don't know exactly why, but he guesses it is owing to his having some day or other *sawed a man's leg off*, or something of the sort, and Hewitt then goes on to tell the following good story:—

Mr. B——, a provincial manager, engaged a new leader to the band, who eternally teased him with hopes that he would not go to *Croyden* (one of the towns hard by). "What has Croyden done to you," inquired the manager, "are you in debt there?" "No." After many interrogatories, the mystery remained unravelled. At length the company actually did go to Croyden, and sore against his will, the luckless leader too. He had scarcely taken his seat on the first night, when a voice from the gallery exclaimed, "*Who sawed the man's leg off?*" Next night, and every night after, another and another call came, and the last call louder than the former At length the leader sent in his resignation. "I can bear it no longer, sir." "Bear what?" said Mr. B——, who had never applied the gallery exclamation to his leader. "Why, don't you hear 'em calling out every night, '*Who sawed the man's leg off?*'" "To be sure I do," replied Mr. B——, "but it's some slang phrase, and what can it matter to you?" "Everything, sir," replied the poor leader. "Why, *did you* ever saw a man's legs off?" asked Mr. B——. "Alas, sir," said he. "I was once a small undertaker in this town, and having mis-measured a coffin for the workhouse, I was obliged to cut off the legs of the corpse to put them in it. This got air, and by this cry they hunted me out of town."

PETE'S RETURN TO THE OLD "DIGGINS."

Devil's Fork, of Little Red, Nov. 21, 1839.

My dear Mr. Editor,—Well, after a long trip, Pete is once more at home, and when he says he feels happy and glad, you musent think he has already forgot the kind way you and others used him. No, it ain't so; Pete ain't got a short memory about friendships. But home is a sweet place to even an *Injun*, as them Seminolvs in Florida have shown Uncle Sam. You don't know how glad Jim Cole, Bill Spence, Dan Looney, and Sister Sal, and all the folks were to see me. They axed me a thousand questions; first about men, and then about horses. Jim wanted to know what sorter looking man you were, and Dan what sorter looking horse Boston was, and I hadn't time for the first three days to draw my breath, for answering them.

I went out and fotched a whoop, and, oh Lordy! but there was a noise. Old *Sharp-tooth* jumped with joy, and the rest on them fairly howled. Jim has a monstrous tall pack, and they can make an old *he* ache. I like to forgot to tell you—Poor Lawyer McCampbell is dead. He died while I was gone. He was a mighty good man, and the Devil's Fork will miss him a heap. But he is gone, and there is no use in crying over spilt milk.

I jist got to the Rock in time to see the races—lots of people and 'bundance of horses. Capt. Tunstall and Jack Lafford walked right through—worse than old Joey H. at Trenton, for he left out one day; they took all,—sweeping the platter. Awful howling the first day—mortal nags came together—but Eudora is too fast for anything. I don't think *Cub* or Balie Peyton could catch her, Mile heats. Well, I reckon there were a heap of empty pockets that night that she won her race. There was no danger with some of them of being robbed. They could fling their britches in the middle of the floor and sleep sound. There was hard times on Sunday. The landlord's purse was hard to raise, and some of them had to live like Tyrse's mule, "on the vapors of a dungeon."

Well, the Vice President was at the Rock, and they give him a big ball—all sorts attended; whigs and democrats—in office and out of office—every body, and Pete among them, went. Well, he is a mighty friendly man, and is as plain as an old shoe. They say he fit mighty hard, and killed a *big injun*, and that he is a mighty good man; but, oh Lordy! he ain't smarter nor common people. But some how, in these times, *smart people* don't prosper. If you jist could see one man what the Gineral Government sent out with an office to these parts,—he is a bird! The way he *cuts on the scull* is awful! He has been indorsed, and passes current here.

Well, changing the subject, I saw Squire Gilfillan at the Rock; oh, I wish you could hear him tell his great story.—"And I spied a wee thing hanging to a bush, for all the world like unto a blather with a hole in the end of it. And I stepped up to it, and afore God, Charley Aderley, I had no more larm in my heart mon, than I have at this moment; and I jist brought it a wee kiff, gently like, with the back of my hand, jist so. And in the name of Jasus, what do you think come out of the hole in the end of the thing like a blather? Why, bum flies by the A——y C——t, and they bit me, and they bat my wee bob tail pony, and they bat my brother-in-law, John Anderson's wee bob tail pony, and they bat my wife Janet, and all the bairns, till they had wabbles on their legs as big as the buttons on a huntsman's coat, and they bat the coulter of my plough that was made of the best Juniata iron, till it swelled up and burst the beam.

"One morning I rolled up my trousers, and was walking through the yard, when an old gander slipped up and nibbled my shin sorter behind like; and there was a wee gosling jist afore and in front of me, and I kicked him and I killed him, and my wife says, 'Squire Gilfillan, in the name of ——, what made you kill the goose's baby?' 'D——n to his father's sowl, how came he to bite me!'"

There is to be a big corn race over in Jackson County—one hundred bushels of corn entrance, half forfeit—ten entered. Old uncle Tommy Wiseman's *Mobile* is gwine to take the *corn*. He offers to bet five hundred cool shiners he can run a mile in a minnit and a half by his clock, and as much more that he can out-pull any kivering horse this side of the hot place. Ever yours,

Pete Whetstone.

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM ALABAMA.

Montgomery, (Ala.), 30th Nov. 1839.

Mr. P.—Passing from Tuscaloosa to this place, I understood the country about Col. Averett's abounded with deer, and one could pay his respects to *the Bee's-Wing*, that being the summer's retreat and training ground of Col. Watson & Mr. J. R. Reddick, I concluded to remain for the succeeding stage. It is a high elevated plane, adorned with a stately forest of long leaf pine. Through its whole extent a creek winds its way, from whose sides gush an hundred springs. It is a most charming situation, worthy of the presence of Calypso and her nymphs.

I there saw the beautiful *Bee's-Wing*, just returned from the fields of Clinton and Greensboro', with her honors on her as green as the leaves of the forest under which she reposed. If she were undistinguished by her performances, her appearance alone would give the world an assurance, if not of a man, a race nag of the first order. If not every inch a king, every inch of that which is better. You have received, no doubt, the report of her having beat the distinguished *Mary Jones* at Clinton—4 mile heats—and her subtreasurizing the $2,000 stakes at Greensboro'. This, I believe, is the 14th battle she has fought, over many a well contested field, at all distances. Her wings yet remain well trimmed, prepared for an eagle's flight, unstained with defeat. My notion of her, which appeared in the "Spirit" last winter, in which I said that "she was the very first three year old in the States," was not in advance of her powers. Since then, she distanced the field, 3 mile heats, at Mobile—won the $1,000 stake at Orleans, 2 mile heats, good timers making her run one of those heats in 3:39 [Query, 3:49?] The report of the race, however, is otherwise, and I would not bring it in question. To which may be added her late 4 mile races.

I did not see Col. Watson; he had taken (solus) *Caroline Malone* to Mobile, to run her in a $500 stake. Bee's-Wing, and the balance of the Stock, as I understand, will not appear at Orleans this winter, but will, the first rise of water, go into winter quarters at Mobile, preparatory to the Spring campaign.

I see that the distinguished *Billy Townes* is at Orleans—who would not like to see a match concluded between Billy Townes and Bee's-Wing, for $10,000—4 mile heats—to be run over the Mobile Course next Spring? I presume that each chieftain would like to arm for such a contest, and therefore suggest it.

Cannot *John Malone*, and *Caroline Malone*, 3 years, old in Watsen and Reddick's stable as yet unknown to fame be matched 3 or 4 mile heats at the same time, against *Allen Brown* and *Ralph*, or either of them. I am apprized that John Malone and Allen Brown, each have been complaining this fall, but presume that they would be in condition to run in the spring.

If Billy Townes and the Bee's-Wing, shall not come together, cannot the *Queen* and *Bee's-Wing* meet next-fall on some convenient course, 4 mile heats, for $10 or 20,000? And if this event should be, could not Caroline Malone meet with a beau at the same time, and John Malone with a fair damsel of age suitable to his years?

I intended to say something about our deer hunts, but have already extended this letter too far. I am satisfied however that the deer in this region, are more numerous than the hogs, and just about as tame. All the paraphernalia of the hunter's life appear about the hospitable mansion of Col. Averitt, four good guns, and a pack of hounds headed by *Bull*, the Bee's-Wing of his tribe. The old Colonel has what he calls the reserve, on the creek, about one mile from the house, in which his tame deer frequent, attended by the gallant wild buck, those pleasure-grounds remain unmolested, unless a friend should call and desire a certain and quick hunt.

To the reserve we repaired, attended by Bull and his followers,—in a few moments he bounced an aged buck, with a moving forest on his head, not of Bernam however, who ran near the stand of the old Colonel. The country reverberated with the report of his rifle, which only increased his lofty stride, Bull ran him 8 miles, when he re-appeared in the reserve,—we gave him four fair shots about 60 or 70 yards off, at the report of each gun he would move a little and stand, seeming to invite another shot, and at last merely walked on to the bushes. After a little Bull & Co. appear, and instead of starting the self same buck, bounces up a fine doe, at which we got two fair shots, but to all appearance without effect. The shades of evening drove us in, without venison, I much amused—the old Colonel, chafed at the bad shots. The buck and doe still live to afford further amusement to the passer-by.—if they have not incensed, which I think is probable, the vengeance of the Colonel in consequence of our bad shots. As we were returning to the house I discovered the Colonel looking back into the reserve, and threatened to be upon him next morning.

I left that night in the stage with a request, as the Buck had passed the fiery ordeal unscathed, that he should be permitted to remain the gallant lord o the reserve. G.

N. B. I arrived in Mobile just in time to see Caroline Malone win the $500 stakes, and Maria Black the four mile purse. G.

THE SPRINGFIELD HUNT.

What, Mr. Spirit, has become of all the Fox hunters? Why is it that in the great variety that diversifies and enlivens your columns, none of them are animated with notes of the "mellow horn," or the yet more soul-inspiring *Tally ho!* Tally ho! You have many subscribers in our part of the world, who, with deference to the high mettled racer, complain that your pages are too much given up to the friends of the turf. The fault may be with themselves, however; for it is far more easy to flourish the whip than the pen, to ride well up to the hounds, than to describe a run; though the disciples of Nimrod may be said, in some respects, to be the creatures of impulse, they are rarely seized with an impulse for writing,—the "*Cacœthes scribendi*" is not one of their afflictions.

I live, you must know, Mr. Editor, on the sunny side of creation, in the far-famed "Maryland Settlement," among a noble race of men, where we have as good eating, as good drinking, as good horses, as good hounds, and as good hunting, as are to be found in this world. Let me give you an account of a run we had some time since with F. W. Green's pack; not that I can hope to afford you much amusement, but that I may set the "ball in motion," in some hope of putting the lovers of the chase in a scribbling humor.

As our rule is to throw off before sunrise, a large party went down to Springfield, the hospitable mansion of Mr. G., to pass the over-night. After a pleasant evening, seasoned with a moderate glass of "mountain dew," and "The tree stood down in the valley low," a most curious song, from our warm-hearted host, one which, by the way, he appears to consider his exclusive property—we retired early to bed.

"Maas Filmer done got up, an dress, an in de dinin room making pitcher o' milk toddy—hosses ready at the door," cried Crosby, at the "peep o' day," putting a phiz into the room, as black and as lustrous as a lump of anthracite. "Mass Filmer say how you all dam laay," continued he, as in obedience to instructions, he boldly pulled the "kiver" off, grinning with delight at the symptoms of annoyance shown by some of the party. We were all soon down stairs, however; some keen for the sport, others as keen for the pitcher of milk toddy. The impatience of the steeds, and the more impatient whining of the dogs, would admit of no delay. So away we went, each bearing, under his belt, his full share of the antifogmatical and palatable compound aforesaid; a faint streak in the east lighting us on our way; clouds and soft damp air giving every prospect of good sport. The "fixture" for the day was Col. Wood's pasture, about three miles distant, but we were not destined to reach it. When about half way, a prolonged howl to our right proclaimed that some "varmint" had crossed the road. "Come along!" cried Uncle Fil, impatiently, as we reined in our horses, "it's nothing but that d—d lying, yelping, skirting, whipper-snapper Snow-Storm of Skinner's; I wish he had left him in Maryland! if you want to hear the truth just listen to my bitch Smut. She's gospel! Stop—what hound is that opening with Snow? Smut by the 'tarnal! Hark to Smut, my dogs, hark to Smut!" as one after another the pack joined in. "I fear it's a cold trail—no! that's Skinner's Thisbe; it takes a warm scent to make her sing out; the fox is in that patch of cane." There they go, what music! now, as they near his kennel, how the chorus swells! Hark! he's up—silence now boys and let him get fairly away. Hear what a crash they make! "Halloo! by Jasus, there's the fox!" cried Tom Dunn, (a huge good-natured Welchman,) driving his rowels into Judge Winchester, and galloping after.—"Stop, you d—d leather-head," shouted uncle Fil., with all his soul, "do you think you can catch the fox yourself?" Reynard has a good start, but here come the hounds; good God what a rush through the cane! It's like a whirlwind. Now, boys, ram your hats down; Sancho leads, here are the rest of the pack, running abreast, heads up, sterns down. Now, where are all your sorrows, and your cares, ye gloomy souls! one halloo has dispelled them all—but don't yet be too eager, let them settle fairly to their work; Reynard, for a grey, has a stout heart, for he takes an open stretch of three miles, through Abner Green's cotton fields, down to Payne's. There he finds the enemy getting rather too near for comfort, and takes to a thick cover of briars. The hounds creep through with difficulty, but the terriers coming up, soon work him out.

He breaks cover once more, with Trip and Fan close at his brush, but well ahead of the pack. "Hold hard, now," says Bob Wood, patting his fine horse Rosin-the-bow, (with a sort of I'll-be-in-the-front-rank look about him) "this burst will try your mettle." Away went the fox, through an open country, with some rasping fences; away went we, with uncle Fil on his superb horse "John the Baptist," Howel Hinds on a fine four year old bit o' blood, Doctor Coleman on "old Charley," Robert Green on "Sky-blue," Skinner on "White-nose Kate," and your humble servant on "Soap-Stick," all in the first flight. Away we flew, abreast the dogs, o'er hill and dale, at a tremendous rate; six miles are soon run over; our gallant nags begin to feel the pace. Hold hard! they have made a loss;—see how they cast to recover! Hark! Blucher hits it off—the game is sinking—see how short he doubles—burnt brandy can't save him. Traveller is close at his brush, and death is not far off. "Listen to Hardheart," cries uncle Fil, "what a scream, as he caught sight of him." Good God, how old Blucher runs! Jack Snap is going it to kill. How the terriers, Trip and Fan, squeak at him too! That turn was short!—There, there! they run into him!—Who-hoop! who-hoop! "One hour and a quarter," cried uncle Fil, pulling out his watch; "who's got a John?" Several "cruiskeens" were produced, but those who know a "hawk from a handsaw" took a sup from Bob Woods's.—(Bob, you must know, is famous for his bounce.)

Now, Mr. Editor, for breakfast. Major Young's, fortunately, is not far off, and, by Jove, here comes a servant. His cook Betsey deserves a monument. What coffee!—what biscuit! and, shade of Ude! what smoked sausages! As the sage of Monticello said, it was worth a trip across the ocean to see the gap at Harper's Ferry, so I say, Mr. Editor, you'd be well paid for coming through the gap of the Alleghanies to get a link of such sausages.

Yours, &c. OLD MOSE.

P.S. You have a correspondent in these parts, calling himself "Oilstone," who brags strong on his dogs; we should like to see him *do* something.

[For the Spirit of the Times.]

TWO TUSSLES WITH VARMINT;

AND A PREFACE THERETO.

It has long ago been conceded that a *poet* must be *born*, not made. He must leap into the world like Minerva, armed *cap à pie*—master of his craft; no amount of culture can atone for the absence of the "divine afflatus," the "native wood notes wild." This no doubt is true: at any rate it is part of our literary confession of faith, and must be believed. But there is another class of men to whom, we are convinced, it is equally important that

"Fortune smile propitious on their birth."

Though the idea may be novel, depend upon it, it is not the less true, that a *traveller* to acquire renown as a seer, and recorder of marvels, must be born, like the poet, under a propitious star.

"Both must from Heaven alike derive their light,
These born to *locomote* as those to write."

We do not mean that nature must have gifted him with the *bumps* of discrimination and comparison, nor with the felicity of diction, and fidelity of description necessary to set off his observations to the best advantage. All of these gifts may come as Dogberry says "by education." But he should not the less be able to say with Glendower,—

"These signs have marked me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do shew
I am not in the roll of common men."

We think it cannot have escaped the notice of even the least observant, that there are certain men fated to encounter marvellous adventures. One thus favored by nature (for a favor, we cannot but consider it) can scarcely move beyond his own threshold, but some catastrophe befals him, or is brought under his notice, which the every day, humdrum race of mortals, might roam over half the world without seeing matched.

We have a friend who has been twice snagged on a Mississippi steamboat. He witnessed the explosion of the Moselle, and can talk by the hour of

"The thousand shapeless things all driven
In cloud and flame athwart the heaven
By that tremendous blast."

He once narrowly escaped being tarred and feathered at the South on suspicion of his being an abolitionist. In travelling through France he was arrested by the gens d'arme, and detained four and twenty hours, being taken for Don Carlos of Spain. In South America he was shaken out of his bed at midnight by an earthquake. In fact, Othello himself never encountered more "moving accidents by flood and field." He never travels but to witness, if not to participate in, something extraordinary; and of mobs, fires, and fights, hehas seen innumerable. He is now in Turkey, and we expect daily to hear, either of his getting the bastinado, or of his rescuing some *sacked* damsel from

"——the laughing tides that lave
These Edens of the eastern wave."

For ourselves, we must confess, we cannot regard without a feeling allied to envy, one of these "spoiled children of destiny." Our own travels—and like honest Mike Lambourne, we have "rolled the world around," and "seen the sun set where it rises"—have been so barren of incident that we are fain to hide our diminished head in the presence of one of these born sight-see-ers.

We are fully able to understand the disappointment of the Yankee, who on his first visit to New Orleans, seated himself on the levee, and presently arose, in vexation exclaiming, "Well, it's too bad, here have I sat a half hour, and d——n the nigger has been killed yet, but that is my luck!" Almost as grievous was the chagrin of the old lady, who was out of all manner of patience with her newspaper, "For though," said she, "I have taken it six months, I have not been able to find in it, the death of a single friend or acquaintance!"

Very different from the luck of such unfortunates, would have been the hap of a natural born traveller. Capt. MARRYAT, for instance, had not landed from the packet which brought him to New York, before he saw a corpse floating in the dock, whence—such sights being so common there—nobody would take the trouble to fish it out, and even the children having ascertained that it was "only a nigger," hardly wasted on it a second look! Now if that is not "going the whole figure," we know not what is. If the Captain had made his debut in New Orleans, there would have been no doubt, a cart-load of live negroes tipped into the river, for his especial gratification.

The fat knight was not far wrong, when he exclaimed, "Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying." In fact we hardly know, now-a-days, what to believe, except the newspapers, and Major Gahagan's adventures in India. To these we pin our faith. The exploit too, of the famous marksman, of which Capt. Marryat tells us, who can pierce two potatoes with a rifle ball, as they cross each other in the air, is no doubt as true, as the rival feat of "that sprightly Scot of Scots that runs o' horseback, up a hill perpendicular, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying."

It is a remark of some profound author, (if we knew who he was, we would give him the credit of it) that truth is stranger than fiction. This may be very true, but these "strange truths" are so scarce that they would hardly supply the market with the requisite amount of marvels.

Having thus,—like an author in his preface, cleared the way for himself, by the abuse of all who have preceded him in the same line, we will proceed to relate one or two adventures with "varmints," giving you, Mr. Editor, our vouchee—*quantum valeat*—that, "to the best of our knowledge and belief," they are true.

We had a friend—alas, that we must speak of him in the preterite!—endeared to us by (besides many other good qualities) his love for the "wild sports of the West," where, many is the ramble we have had together—who used to tell of an interview with a bear, which will match almost any encounter with this animal, real or imaginary, that we ever met with. He was one of a party who had gone upon a hunting expedition to the "knobs" of Kentucky. They established a camp, and their demonstrations on the deer were crowned with success almost equal to that of the heroes of Chevy Chase,

"For long before high noon they had
A hundred fat bucks slain;
When having dined, the drovers went
To rouse them up again."

But fiercer game than deer, they had not yet encountered; and the younger members of the hunt began to wish for something more formidable. Like the young Ascanius—

"Optant aprum aut fulvum descendere monte leonem."

When one afternoon, our friend, who was alone at some distance from the camp, discovered a large she bear, and without a moment's hesitation, discharged his rifle at her. The ball took effect only, however, to wound, and not to disable her. Without giving him time to reload his piece, she made at her assailant, evidently, as Dominie Sampson might say, with hostile intentions. He, not choosing to try conclusions with such an antagonist, and recollecting in a somewhat similar encounter,

"That Valentine by art prevailed
Where all his utmost strength had failed,"

cast around him for some means of escape, and luckily discovered a large tree close by, which had been felled by some bee-hunters, resting with its butt upon the stump. He sprang on to this, trusting that Mrs. Bruin's crippled condition, would prevent her from following; but here he soon found he had reckoned without his host, for she scuffled up after him with marvellous celerity, and gave chase along the body of the tree. He ran along it as far as the branches would permit and leaped off, and again made for the stump, up which he clambered, hotly pursued by the old "brown nose;" and this amusing process was kept up for several rounds, till the huntsman was like to drop from exhaustion. He was encouraged, however, by appearances of distress on the part of his pursuer, as her wound, though slight, began to tell against her wind and bottom; and he had at last the satisfaction to see her after several ineffectual efforts to climb the stump, desist from the pursuit, and move off about her business. Whether like Fitz James,

"He faltered forth his thanks for life
Redeemed, unhoped, from desperate strife,"

we are not able to say; but like him, he repaired to a neighboring spring,

"Unbonneted, and by the wave
Sate down his brow and hands to lave."

Having cleaned his gun, which was half full of powder, dropped in, in his desperate efforts during the chase to load, he re-loaded, and with a degree of courage more easily praised than imitated, started off in pursuit of the retreating enemy, determined to have another "fight or a foot race." The blood which flowed from her wound, enabled him to follow the trail, and he soon came in sight of her.

"Stern looked the fiend and frustrate of his will,
Not half sufficed, and greedy yet to kill."——

She no sooner saw him than she came at him. He resolutely stood his ground, and taking deliberate aim, put a ball through her brain, and finished the contest.

One other tough story, and we have done for the present.—We knew a man who with the assistance of his dog, beat a panther to death with a club! It was in Illinois, where panthers were always very scarce, the openness of the country affording too little shelter. We have often seen the man, a bulky, dull-looking countryman, and heard him tell the story. He was at his own door a little after sundown, cutting wood for the night, when he heard his dog in a neighboring thicket engaged in a fierce conflict with some "varmint" that seemed to be keeping him busy. He seized a stout stick from the wood pile, and hurried to the scene of action, where the dim light just sufficed to shew him the dog rolling in a desperate struggle with some large animal, whose long tail happening to offer itself to his grasp, he laid hold of it with his left hand, while with his right he commenced a lively tattoo upon the back and loins of its owner. Whenever the beast would endeavor to turn upon this new assailant, the dog would renew his assaults, and between the two they soon succeeded in laying him out;—but he used to say, "I tell you what it is, he kept me moving pretty *peert*." H.

BROAD ROCK (Va.) FALL RACES.

These races came off over the *Fairfield Course*, commencing the 1st day of October. Annexed is the best record we have been able to obtain, after taking infinite personal pains.

TUESDAY, Oct. 1, 1839—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at $500 each, $200 ft. Two mile heats.

Dr. George Goodwyn's br. c. by Imp. Fylde, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards	1	1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Dr. McLellan's) br. c. *John Hunter*, by Shark, out of Coquette by Sir Archy	2	2

Time, 3:53—4:00.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 2—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, colts 100lbs., fillies 97lbs. Three subs. at $50 each, with $50 added. Two miles.

Isham Puckett's b. c. *Will-Go* (late Jack Kremer), by Imp Luzborough, dam by Eclipse	1
Dr. J. T. & P. Semple's b. f. *Emily Booker*, by Standard, dam by Contention	2
Col. Wm. L. White's f. by Goliah, out of Melinda by Sir Charles	3

Time, 3:46.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Colt Stake for 2 yr. olds. Subscription $100 each. One mile.

Isham Puckett's b. c. by May-day, out of Jim Cropper's dam	1
J. S. Corbin's b. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Virginian	2

Time, 1:57.

THURSDAY, Oct. 3—Proprietor's Purse $250, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. h. *Argyle*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle by Ogle's Oscar, aged	3	1	1
Capt. W. Burton's ch. m. *Julia Burton*, by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough, 5 yrs.	1	2	dr
Capt S. W. Morgan's b. f. *Virginia Robinson*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Beckey by Marquis, 4 yrs.	2	dr	

Time, 3:55—3:54.

FRIDAY, Oct. 4—Jockey Club Purse $500, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's Imp. ch. f. *The Queen*, by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, 4 yrs	1	1
James Talley's ch. f. *Betsey White*, by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	4	2
T. B. Scrugg's b. g. *Jack of Trumps*, by Gohanna	3	3
Col. W. L. White's ch c. *Jack Pendleton*, by Goliah, dam by Trafalgar, 4 yrs	5	4
Isham Puckett's b. c *Will-Go* (late Jack Kremer), pedigree above, 4 yrs	2	dr

Time, 5:55—5:55.

SATURDAY, Oct. 5—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Four subs. at $150 each. Mile heats.

Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's ch. f. by Mons. Tonson, out of Mary Blunt's dam by Alfred	1	1
Charles Carter's (N. Rain's) bl. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Virginian	4	2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. by Eclipse, out of Hardeway's Omega mare	3	3
J. Talley's b. c. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir Charles	2	dist.

Time, 1:52—1:52.

CAMDEN (S. C.) FALL RACES.

Dear Sir,—Seeing several applications made by you for an account of the Camden Races, and fearing the editor may not have succeeded in getting one to take on with him, I will write you one, and should he have a better, it will be well. I give my account from memory, but will vouch for the correctness of it. This report will be behind the editor, as I regret to say, I heard of him passing within a mile and a half of my residence on the 10th inst., and did not honor me with a call.

Yours, &c. A. F.

MONDAY, Nov. 4, 1839—Colt Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Eight or nine subs. at $100 each. h. ft. Mile heats.

Lovell & Smith's ch. c. *Gov. Butler*, by Argyle, out of Mary Frances	1	1
Col. Hampton's br. f. *Kate Seyton*, by Argyle, out of Pocahontas	2	2
Mr. Richardson's br. c. by Mucklejohn, out of Julia	3	dist.

Time, 1:49—1:50.

TUESDAY, Nov. 5—Jockey Club Purse $325, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.

Col. J. B. Richardson's ch. m. *Jeanette Berkeley*, by Bertrand Jr., out of Carolina by Young Buzzard, 5 yrs	1	1
Lovell & Hammond's ch. f. *Fanny Bailey*, by Andrew, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs	2	2
Mr. R. Richardson's ch. c. *Trident*, by Bertrand Jr, out of Little Venus, 4 yrs	dist.	
Col. Hampton's Imp. b. m. *Emily*, by Emilius, out of Elizabeth by Rainbow, 5 yrs.	dr	
Col. Flud's b. f. *Zoraida*, by Virginius, out of Gohannah by Comet, 3 yrs	dr	

Time, 7:59—8:00.

There being five entries on the night before, great sport was expected. Trident, after running three miles and a quarter, sulked and bolted; he got back after some trouble, and made up a good deal of ground, but was not able to save his distance. Fanny made a pretty race for three miles, and for one so young, made a good heat. Jeanette won the heat by several lengths. The second heat Jeanette had it all her own way.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 6—Purse $300, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

Col. J. B. Richardson's ch. f. *Lady Cava*, by Bertrand, out of Betsey Echols, 3 yrs	1	1
Col. Flud's b. f. *Zoraida*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	2	2
Mr. R. Richardson's ch. c. *Trident*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	bolt.	

Time, 3:55—3:53.

Trident took the lead, but after running half a mile, bolted. Cava won both heats handily.

THURSDAY, Nov. 7—Purse $200, conditions as before; Two mile heats.

Col. J. B. Richardson's ch. f. *Amy the Orphan*, by Imp. Nonplus, dam by Comet, 3 y.	1	1
Col. Flud's b. c. by Imp. Nonplus, out of Nancy Air (sister to Transport)	2	2
Lovell & Hammond's ch. f. *Elvira*, by Redgauntlet, dam by Rob Roy, 4 yrs	3	3
Mr. R. Richardson's br. c. by Mucklejohn, out of La Pucelle	dist.	
Col. Colclough's b. c. *Friday*, by Virginius, dam by Buzzard, 4 yrs	dist.	

Time, 3:49—3:50.

MOBILE FALL RACES.

The annexed report of these races over the Bascombe Course, we have found in the "Mobile Advertiser;" it is used in preference to waiting for the official report, as it is earlier and appears full.

Our races commenced yesterday, and a finer day never ushered in a turf campaign, but as previous rains had made the course extremely heavy on the back stretch, the time of contests was unusually slow. Of the five sweepstakes entries, but two came to the post, and of these the filly was so much more the favorite than her rival, that but little betting, and less variety occurred in the race. The Leviathan took the lead, and kept it to the end of the first heat, nor could a change of rider produce any variations in the second, for the filly won both without a struggle. The following is the record:—

TUESDAY, Dec. 3, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at $500 each, $200 ft. Two mile heats.

James Watson's ch. f. *Caroline Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Proserpine by Oscar *Cuff.*	1	1
B. Smith's br. c. *Matchem*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Cinderella by Shylock	2	2

Time, 4:07—4:16.

The second race afforded much satisfaction to all, being closely and well contested throughout. Before the horses appeared, Highway was the favorite, but when about to start, the knowing ones backed Talley to some extent. The two other colts, Highway and Keno, were certainly in worse condition, and condition will tell. In the first heat Keno led at a killing stride, with Talley pretty close up, the favorite in waiting. At the head of the straight run home, the chesnut went up, and side by side with Keno—whips ringing merrily the while—they came along to the stand, the former winning by a good, honest, open length. In the second round they entirely changed places; Talley led with a perfect rush, with Highway pressing closely on his heels. When near the distance stand, a free use of the persuaders brought the colt out ahead, and he won the heat cleverly, with Talley's nose nearly at his girth. A close run, terminating in a noble, but most severe struggle, gave the crowning heat to the chesnut, and finished a race which gave unqualified enjoyment to all. Record:—

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Proprietor's Purse $100, added to a Sweepstakes of $25 each, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

R. B. Harrison's ch. c. *Talley*, by Talleyrand, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs	1	2	1
R. H. Long's b. c. *Highway*, by Bertrand, dam by Robin Gray, 3 yrs	3	1	2
H. A. Tayloe's b. c. *Keno*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Ragland's Diomed, 4 yrs	2	dist.	

Time, 1:56—2:00—2:05.

SECOND DAY.—The race for the Two mile Jockey Club Purse, produced an excellent contest between Mary Jones and Eloise. Both are the get of imported horses, both are well known winners at various distances—but alas! both were not in equal condition. Mary was evidently *off*, but her game and speed could be well observed under all disadvantages. The weather was charming, but the back part of the track was still very heavy, which told sadly against the watch. At the start, the two mares got off well together, but not so with Richard, who was far behind at the tap of the drum. Mary took the lead, and with some appearance of keeping it, but when half-way round the second mile, Eloise went up, challenged, and gaining on her inch by inch, beat her out a length and a half, in 3:55. Eloise was the first, Mary the second, and "Richard the third" was left behind the flag. The second heat was a succession of severe brushes, closely contested, and won cleverly by Eloise. Record:—

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 4—Jockey Club Purse $500, conditions as before; Two mile heats.

B. Smith's ch. m. *Eloise*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Mary Wasp by Don Quixotte, 5 yrs	1	1
R. H. Long's ch. m. *Mary Jones*, by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs	2	2
R. Chapman's gr. g. *Richard*, by Sir Richard, dam by Telemachus, 4 yrs	dist.	
H. A. Tayloe's b. f. *Cinderella*	dr	

Time, 3:55—4:00.

THIRD DAY.—For the Three mile race, three nags came to the post, Maria Black, Fancy, and Cotton Plant. Of these, Maria was much the favorite, and her powerful form gave token of such capability, as fully justified her reputation; but her near fore leg being bound up from a recent hurt, made many doubt her chance, should the contest prove a close one. Of Cotton Plant and Fancy, the latter was rather in favor; but both looked in tip-top condition. At the tap of the drum the "*Staple*" took the lead,—as it should of "fancy" articles,—and the big "sable she" brought up the rear. The orders given to the favorite were to keep "in waiting," but so ambitious was her dark ladyship of going ahead, that no effort of her rider could keep her in her place, and though every exertion was used to make her "follow in the footsteps" *only*, nothing could prevent her slightly treading on the heels of her neighbor. Unable to keep behind, her jockey drew out on turning into the second mile, and then she speedily headed Fancy, ran up to, and passed the Plant, and as she reached the stand a second time, threw a long, long line of dust between her and her followers. Not wishing to leave her rivals behind the distance stand, when she reached that fatal spot she was pulled up, and cantered out in a straddling sort of a lope, in 6:06, having made the first mile in 1:50, the second in 2:03, and the third in 2:07. A charge of foul riding, in striking the hoof of Fancy, having been made,—although acknowledged to be purely accidental,—the judges declared her distanced, agreeably to rule, and the heat was decreed to Fancy. The second heat, between Fancy and Cotton Plant, though made in bad time, was the most interesting contest of the meeting; the two mares running locked together like the Siamese twins, every jump of the distance, and it was only won by a throat-latch, by the rider of Cotton Plant letting go her head just as the two reached the post together. For the third heat, Fancy got the best of the start, but the grey soon joined company, took the lead, and came round a length ahead. This position, with but slight alteration, was maintained to the head of the last quarter stretch, when the bay made a splendid brush, and headed the Plant, but her saddle-girth breaking in the effort, the grey won the heat hard in hand.

THURSDAY, Dec. 5—Jockey Club Purse $700, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

R. H. Long's gr. f. *Cotton Plant*, by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs	2	1	1
B. Smith's b. m. *Fancy*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	1	2	2
H. A. Tayloe's Imp. bl. m. *Maria Black*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, 5 y	dist.*		

Time, 6:06—6:13—6:16. * Took the heat, but distanced for foul riding.

FRIDAY, Dec. 6—Jockey Club Purse $1000, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

H. A. Tayloe's Imp. bl. m. *Maria Black*, pedigree above, 5 yrs *R. Adams.*	1	1
R. H. Long's ch. f. *Maria Red*, by Bertrand, out of Hippy by Pacolet, 4 yrs	3	2
R. B. Harrison's b. h. *Pollard Brown*, by Wild Bill, out of Hippy by Pacolet, 5 yrs	2	3

Time, 8:12—8:21. Won easily. Track very heavy.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Jockey Club Purse $300, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

B. M. Grissett's ch. f. *Gertrude*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Napoleon, 4 yrs *Spencer.*	1	1	1
R. H. Long's b. h. *Highway*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	3	2	dr
Robert Chapman's gr. g. *Richard*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	2	dist.	

Time, 1:55—1:58. Won without a struggle.

FAIRFIELD (Va.) FALL RACES.

TUESDAY, Oct. 15, 1839—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Subscription $20 each, with $50 added. Mile heats.

O. P. Hare's (M. T. Hawkins') ch. c. *Panic*, by Eclipse, out of Aggy-Up by Timoleon, 3 yrs	2	1	1
Col. John Heth's gr. m. by Greybeard	3	3	2
Charles Carter's b. m. *Lizette*, by Imp. Fylde	1	2	dr

Time, 4:11—4:09.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Subscription $100 each. Two mile heats.

Isham Puckett's b. c. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir Charles	1	1
Col. Wm. L. White's b. c. *Wm. R.*, by Goliah, out of half sister to Pizarro	2	2

Time, 4:11—4:19.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16—Purse $300, weights &c. as before: Two mile heats.

Capt. W. Burton's ch. m. *Julia Burton*, by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough, 5 yrs	4	3	1	1
Capt. S. W. Morgan's b. f. *Virginia Robinson*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Beckey by Marquis, 4 yrs	1	4	3	2
John M. Botts' gr. f. by Gohanna, dam by Medley, 4 yrs	3	5	2	r.o.
Otway P. Hare's ch. m. *Fanny Wyatt*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 6 yrs	2	1	dist.	
T. Parker Hare's ch. c. *Larkin*, by Goliah, dam by Contention, 4 yrs	5	2	dr.	

Time, 3:55—3:54—3:53½—3:50.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Subscription not given. Mile heats.

James Talley's b. c. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs	1	1
B. Cheatham's b. m. by Gohanna, 6 yrs	3	2
Col. Wm. L. White's ch. f. by Goliah, 3 yrs	2	

Time, 1:55—1:53.

THURSDAY, Oct. 17—Jockey Club Purse $700, conditions as before; Four mile heats

Otway P. Hare's gr. f. *Andrewetta*, by Andrew, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs	1	1
J. P. White's (James Talley's) ch. f. *Betsey White*, by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	3	
T. B. Scrugg's b. g. *Jack of Trumps*, by Gohanna	2	3
Maj. Thos. Doswell's gr. g. *Dandy*, by Medley, dam by Sir Charles, aged	dist.	

Time, 8:24—8:09. Track heavy, and raining.

SCOTLAND AGAINST ENGLAND.

FOUR-OARED MATCH BETWEEN THE CLYDE AND LONDON WATERMEN, FOR £200.

This grand four-oared gig contest—Scotland against England—took place on the river Mersey, at Liverpool, on Wednesday last, in the presence of many thousand spectators. For some months past this match has excited very considerable interest among the members of Aquatic Clubs throughout the United Kingdom, and even our transatlantic brethren have evinced much anxiety as to the result; in fact, no event, in which the abilities and powers of two picked crews at an oar's end were to be put to the test, has, for a lengthened period, created a greater sensation, or been the topic of more general conversation and expression of opinion than the one we are about to describe. Previous, however, to entering into the particulars of Wednesday's proceedings on the Mersey, we shall take a brief review of the origin and progress of the match.

It would appear that the contest originated from a conversation which took place among a party of gentlemen at the regatta at Henley-on-Thames, when it was contended that the style of pulling of the Thames watermen was unrivalled, and that none others stood a chance of success in a contest with them. Some gentlemen of the west of Scotland thought otherwise, and a challenge was shortly afterwards sent to back a crew on the Clyde to pull against any four London watermen that might be selected; the match to come off at Liverpool. Sir James Colquhoun, Bart., of Ross D'Hue-house, Luss, and M. P. for Dumbartonshire, and William Colquhoun, Esq., consented to back the Scotch rowers, and W. Fuller Maitland, Esq., of Park-place, Henley-on-Thames, and W. P. Williams Freeman, Esq., of Fawley-court, Henley, became the backers of the Thames watermen. It having been announced, through the medium of our paper, that the match had been made, much anxiety was manifested to know the names of the respective crews, and also the time when they were likely to contend against each other. The gentlemen who had formed themselves into a committee for conducting the Liverpool regatta were desirous that the grand struggle for superiority should take place on the day appointed for their regatta; and on being given to understand that the Clyde and Thames' men could not meet before the middle or end of August, the 16th of that month was fixed for the annual matches on the Mersey, in the confident hope that that day would suit the convenience of the gentlemen interested in the contest between the crews of the two countries. In this we need not state that they were disappointed; but, as the month of August was allowed to expire, and the season for aquatic sports was fast drawing to a close, and no day had been fixed, or at least not publicly announced, for the match in question, it was very generally believed that it would not take place at all. All "doubts and fears," however, were subsequently set at rest, by Wednesday last being named for competition, and the interest which the first announcement of the match in our paper had excited, and which had began to be on the wane, was revived, and became more intense than ever. Charles Campbell, of Lambeth, and the champion sculler of the Thames, was entrusted with the selection of the London crew, and also with all the necessary arrangements for so important an event. In the first instance, Robert Coombes, coxswain of the Dolphin Club, who has beaten all the first-rate men (excepting Campbell) brought to contend against him on the river, was chosen as one of the party to go to Liverpool; but, after practising with Campbell, Phelps, of Fulham, and Pocock, of Lambeth, for two days, he was removed without any satisfactory reason, as we could learn, being assigned, and George Campbell substituted for him. As the competition with the Clyde men was looked upon as a national contest, meant fairly to show the comparative wager strength and superiority of style in pulling of the men belonging to the two rivers, Campbell giving a seat in the gig to his brother George, in preference to a first-rate man like Coombes, both as a sculler and an oarsman, caused us to be almost surrounded with letters from gentlemen amateurs, and, as we felt bound to insert several of them, our readers are in possession of the opinions entertained on the subject. Campbell's reply appeared in our paper last Sunday, and, as he states therein, that "he is willing to allow Coombes every meed of praise as a good rower and an *honest* man," we shall make no further allusion to a subject which has already caused so much discussion, and, we regret to say, produced among some of the men an angry feeling, than merely to observe that we are unable to account for the summary dismissal of a man of such superior qualifications as Coombes is acknowledged to possess from the London crew.

The gig built by Hunt, of Millbank, about four years since for Mr. Thyne, by the kindness of that gentleman, was brought into requisition by the Thames men. She is thirty-two feet long, and weighs 139 lbs. A wash streak was made for her, to be used or not, as occasion might require; and some extra thwarts were put in her forward to keep her stiff. No time was lost by the crew to get to work together in her, and almost daily up to their departure for Liverpool, they were to be seen in active training between Westminster and Putney. On Wednesday week the gig was conveyed per van to the Mersey, and in the same conveyance Phelps, Pocock, and George and William Campbell, also took their departure, Charles Campbell remaining in town till Sunday morning, when he proceeded to Liverpool by the railway. Another party of London watermen, consisting of W. Noulton, of Lambeth, R. Tarrant (half brother to Doubledee), of Lambeth, R. Newell, of Battle-bridge, and R. Coombes, of Millbank (the man alluded to as having been in the first instance selected by Campbell), and Parish, of Strand-lane (the latter as coxswain), started by the train on the Saturday night, also bound to Liverpool, in the hope that a subscription would be entered into for another four-oared contest after the grand race of the day, in which not only the parties engaged therein, but all others present should be allowed to contend. They took with them a peculiarly light boat, built of mahogany, by Mr. Sinclair, formerly, we believe, of Greenock, but now of the Commercial-road East, weighing not more than 113¼ lbs., although she is 36 feet in length, and three feet six inches in width. On the part of the Clyde men, no expense had been spared, or anything left undone, which could by any possibility tend to their success. Mr. Nicoll, of Greenock, built two new gigs for them, one being 38 feet long, and weighing 224 lbs., and the other 36 feet in length, 257 lbs. in weight, the former to be used in calm weather, and the latter if the Mersey was not in a tolerably quiet humor. On our arrival at Liverpool on Monday night, we ascertained that the crew, consisting of John and Peter Barr, James Frazer (half brother to the Barrs), and John Wilson, with a lad named Macleod as their coxswain, had reached the scene of action on the previous day per Scotch steamer, and had taken up their quarters at the Glasgow Hotel, having been accompanied by several spirited supporters and admirers of aquatic amusements. It is said that in all their contests against crews from Cork, Cowes, Belfast, Isle of Man, and other places, their manly exertions have been attended with triumphant success. Their two gigs were conveyed across the Mersey to the Rock Ferry boat-house, and were taken especial care of. The London crew put up at the Mitre, and their beautifully constructed, but somewhat short gig, was also taken to an equally secure and appropriate depository on the opposite shore. The other London men who, we have before observed, visited Liverpool in the hope of having their powers put to the test in a contest for a subscription purse of sovereigns, domiciled under the hospitable roof of the celebrated Jem Ward, and we think we may safely aver that their comforts were never better attended to than they were on this occasion by the generous and kind-hearted host and hostess of that temple of harmony, mirth, and conviviality, the "Star," in Williamson-square. Admirable quarters for the "mahogany gig" were found at the Tranmere Ferry Hotel, on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, in the occupation of Mr. John Francis, who also deserves no small share of praise for his ardent attachment and support of our national sports.

Previous to our entering Liverpool, a great many gentlemen from various parts, particularly from Scotland, had arrived, and on Tuesday the number of persons attracted to this great commercial town to witness the struggle for the championship between the Clyde and Thames watermen, had increased three fold. The Adelphi, Waterloo, Angel, and other Taverns, were patronised by the visitors, and at the former we observed the Messrs. Gibson, of the London Amateur Scullers' Club, several gentlemen from Ireland, and others frae the north. At Seacombe, on the west side of the Mersey, the gentlemen from Henley-on-Thames, who had backed the London crew, took up their temporary abode, and W. Colquhoun, Esq., and his friends, we believe, honored the host of the Glasgow Hotel with their presence.

There had been but little betting in London, which was in a great measure to be attributed to the Thames crew not containing Coombes, instead of young Campbell, and the brilliant success which had attended the previous efforts of the Clyde men, whom but few, if any, of our river amateurs had seen in a match. In Glasgow, however, we were creditably informed that several thousand pounds depended on the result, the London men having numerous backers there at 5 to 4, and an equal number of the Glasgowians and others being found who accepted those odds. Ward's house, for several evenings previous to the race, was the grand rendezvous of the betting gentry, and his commodious parlor was nightly crammed with visitors. The host started the betting at 7 to 4 on the Thames men, and at these odds several hundred pounds were speculated, the host himself and Parish, the coxswain of the Leander Club, having upwards of £100 between them on the issue of the race.

On the morning of Tuesday the weather was particularly propitious, and we proceeded to the west side of the Mersey to have a look at the competing parties, who daily took their exercise on that noble river. Both crews met at the Rock Ferry about two o'clock, and every eye was directed towards their movements, and the style of each was freely commented upon. The Scotch crew were middle-sized, sturdy-looking fellows, but we conceived there was a sluggishness, if we may use the expression, in their manner, but little adapted to contend with the dare devil sort of spirit with which the generality of London men are in the habit of "taking their boat along." Their short round oars, without the button, may not inappropriately be called paddles, the ends being flat and broad, and their short side pull, in which the arms have the greater portion of the labor, is certainly not so effective as the stroke of the Thames watermen, the loom of whose oar is brought home, and the body, legs, and arms, have almost an equal portion of work. We expressed our opinion to several Scotch gentlemen present, who, however, retained their confidence in their men, and remarked that, although their pulling appeared to be a short and side stroke, they could lay well out to their work, and keep it to the end of the course with great rapidity. The other London men also met at the above named Ferry; but the Campbells had engendered an ill feeling against them, and, although Parish, Noulton, Tarrant, and Newell, addressed "the brothers" in the most friendly manner, they would not *condescend* to reply to their kind inquiries and wishes for their success. Although they did not expect to have the "cut direct" given them even by the Campbells, they were utterly astonished that the others, especially Phelps, should have been so extremely ridiculous as to allow themselves to be biased by the head of their party.

It was suggested on the part of the Clyde men that the course for the race should commence at the Rock Ferry, and continue in a line along the shore for about two and a half miles, and back to the place of starting. Campbell, however, conceived the Liverpool shore the best adapted for the purpose, and, at a meeting of the backers at the Mitre Tavern in the afternoon, it was agreed to leave the fixing of the course till ten o'clock on the Wednesday morning, as the place of rowing would greatly depend on the weather. Accordingly, at the appointed hour the parties assembled on St. George's Pier. The morning was rather hazy, but a genial sun soon dispelled the mist, and many thousand persons lined the shore, the marine parade being densely crowded from Prince's-pier to the end of the Dock-wall. A strong breeze had been blowing throughout the night from S. E., and about noon it had so much increased in violence that many were of opinion it would be necessary to postpone the contest. It was evidently impossible that it could take place on the west side of the Mersey as at first suggested, and it was at length agreed that the match should come off on the weather shore. The Mona tug, belonging to the Liverpool Steam Towing Company, was engaged by the respective backers for themselves and friends, on board of which we were kindly invited to see the match. No time was lost in adjusting the necessary preliminaries, and marking out the distance to be rowed, which was from a flag-boat stationed off the Brunswick or Upper Dock, down to one moored opposite Mr. Wilson's Ship-building-yard, and back to a boat moored off Prince's Dock Basin—the distance being about four miles and a quarter. Notwithstanding the boisterous state of the weather, several of the steam ferry vessels, and a number of the watermen's boats, crowded with spectators of both sexes, "put off" to follow, as well as they could, the rowers in their course. The competing party were in readiness in their gigs, and having received instructions to round the distance-boat off Mr. Wilson's yard, outside, and return in shore along the Parade wall, the crews pulled down to the above-named place, and then rowed to the Brunswick Dock to prepare for the contest. The Mona steamer having cast anchor as close to the place of starting as the depth of water would allow, a waterman's boat came alongside, into which John Colquhoun, Esq., and several other gentlemen, proceeded to give the necessary directions to the men, and give the signal for starting. Two umpires and a referee were selected from the gentlemen on board the Mona—Campbell won the toss for station—and the London gig took up their position on the inside, and were consequently nearer the shore than the others. The regulations stipulated that "each crew to provide their own gig, without any restrictions as to length, oars, pulling with buttons, &c.; that the oars be 'tossed' at starting, i. e., out of the rowlocks, till the signal for starting be given; that whichever of the gigs takes a lead must not alter its course to prevent the other from passing; that palpable fouling (such as holding the boat of the other with the hand or oar, knocking off the rudder, or any such unfair means,) shall forfeit the offending party the race; and that the decision of the judge or judges chosen, in all matters of dispute, shall be final." There were some additional regulations to the above-named on the match being made, viz., as to the distance being altogether six miles, &c., but the state of the weather, and other circumstances, prevented them being carried into full effect, and it was mutually agreed by both parties to abide by those above enumerated. The respective crews thus manned their boats:—

LONDON CREW.	CLYDE CREW.
1 G. C. Campbell	1 John Barr
2 Pocock	2 John Wilson
3 Phelps	3 Peter Barr
4 C. Campbell (stroke)	4 James Frazer (stroke)
W. Campbell, coxswain	Jos. Macleod, coxswain.

The men in the London boat were well placed. Campbell, whose success in numerous contests is well known, is about 34 years of age, weighs a little more than 11 st., and stands about five feet eight inches. Phelps, of Fulham, is also 34 years of age, weighs about 10 st., and is, we should think, not more than five feet seven inches in height. Pocock, who came out last season, is 23 years of age, and stands full five feet 10 inches. George Campbell is, we believe, in his 28th year; he weighs about 8½ st., and is not so tall as Phelps. The coxswain, William Campbell, is 41 years of age, about 10 st., and is a "waterman-fireman" in the West of England Office. The Clyde crew, it appeared to us, averaged about 10½ st. each—James Frazer is 21 years of age, Peter Barr 27, John Wilson 28, and John Barr 30. The lad who steered them is only 14, but he can "blow a cloud" or "roll a quid," it would seem, in the finished style of a veteran. There was a great difference in the length and weight of the two gigs, the one manned by the Clyde crew being 38 feet long, and 224 lbs. weight, and the Thyne gig 32 feet, and weighing 139 lbs. The Clyde men had been practising on the Tuesday in a white boat, with a gold streak outside, weighing 13 lbs. more than the other, but which is two inches shorter. The former, however (a red one), was brought into requisition, it being considered most suitable to the weather. She had nearly a cutter head, and was not so flat from stem to stern as the London boat, which, it may be observed, did not carry the wash streaks which had been made for her. While the men were preparing for action, there was some betting made on board the Mona steamer, several Scotch gentlemen accepting the odds of 7 to 4, which were freely offered on the London men. All being in readiness (the men with their oars erect), the signal gun was fired at 22 minutes 15 seconds past one for

THE START.

The anxiety manifested by all parties at this moment was intense. No sooner were the contents of the gun discharged, than the oars of the Clyde men were at once shipped, with a dexterity which custom only could acquire, and consequently, enabled them to obtain first stroke, and a trifling lead. The London men, although unused to this mode of handling their oars at starting, were, however, quickly at work, and having "dragged" their boat over shallow water on a bank near the shore, overhauled their competitors, and after a neck and neck race of about 200 yards, wrested from them their enviable position. The Clyde men exerted themselves to the utmost to keep pace with the others, but the London crew continued gradually to go in advance, and in 21 minutes 18 seconds they "doubled" the distance-boat, being at that time 40 seconds ahead of the Scotch crew. In returning, the Thames men kept a trifle out from the shore, evidently for the purpose of getting more of the tide, which at the time had about half an hour to run up. They being now so far ahead, not the slightest chance of success was left the Clyde men; the latter, however, still continued the struggle with great vigor and courage; but their manly exertions proved of no avail, for the London crew at every succeeding stroke left them further in the rear, and at the conclusion the Scotch boat was one minute twenty seconds astern of the winners, who completed the whole distance in twenty-eight minutes fifteen seconds. Each party was loudly cheered throughout their course, but the shouts at the conclusion were almost deafening. The Clyde crew lost two boats' lengths by a "flat" coming out of the Prince's-basin just as they were passing, which obliged them to go outside of it. The Thames boat, however, at the time was well in advance, so that the circumstance alluded to did not affect the result of the race, which was won in gallant style by the Londoners, and the Scotch gentlemen acknowledged that their crew had been manfully and honorably beaten, although it was the first time that the wreath of victory had been wrested from their brows.

The London men rowed in white guernseys, white drawers, and ditto stockings; and the Scotch crew in check shirts, with the exception of the strokesman, who wore a white guernsey. Two of them rowed without either shoes or stockings, and the others without shoes.

The competing parties pulled alongside the Mona steamer immediately after the race, and came on board. From the appearance of the Clyde men, we should say they were in the best possible condition, their skin being more free from perspiration than the other men. Pocock seemed almost baked at the finish, and he was the last of his crew in lifting the oar on end. All, however, did not look in any way particularly distressed, and after they had been in the cabin a short time, they repaired to their respective quarters, apparently as fresh as if the contest had not taken place, the winners wearing a profusion of scarlet ribbon, and followed by an immense crowd.

A large sum of money has changed hands on the result of this race, for the odds offered for two days before it came off were so tempting that they could not be resisted by the Scotch gentlemen, who, even when the London men had overhauled their opponents, entertained sanguine hopes of the ultimate success of the Clyde crew.

Throughout the contest the greatest good feeling prevailed among the supporters of each party, and a spirit of fairness and impartiality was observable in even the most minute arrangements which took place, the only desire of each evidently being to ascertain which of the two crews was the best, in a manly and straightforward competition.

We have above alluded to another crew from London visiting Liverpool, in the hope of a purse of sovereigns being subscribed for a second four-oared contest, open to any crew that might think proper to enter into competition for it; but as no other crew, it appeared, was likely to contend against them, the subscription was not entered into. Parish and his party were out in their extremely light and admirably constructed mahogany boat, and rowed with the contending crews some distance.

A numerous party assembled at the Star Hotel in the evening, and we have since been informed that after we left for London, a gentleman attended and stated that the winning men were prepared to negotiate a contest with the crew consisting of Coombes, Noulton, Newell, and Tarrant. Parish was appointed the envoy, and on arriving at the Mitre, declared that he was ready to stake 50*l*. for his party to row on the succeeding day, or on the Saturday. Campbell would not consent to this, but wished the match to come off on the following Wednesday, stipulating that the contest should take place on that day, despite of "wind and weather." Parish at first demurred, as his party's boat was not calculated for a heavy sea; but he afterwards acceded to it, on condition that win or lose there was to be another match for 100*l*., to take place in London. Articles were then drawn up, and Parish staked his 50*l*., on seeing which (our correspondent observes), Campbell refused to sign the document. The earnestness of Parish to make the match is confirmed by his staking the 50*l*., and after the correspondence which has appeared in our paper from the respective friends of the men, we can hardly doubt the probability of its being accepted, and that we shall, ere long, witness a contest between the two crews in their more *natural element*—the river Thames. We had been given to understand that Coombes and the others had given up Searle's new boat to take the mahogany one to Liverpool; but it appears from a letter which we have received from the Messrs. Searle, that they had no new four to lend, but that they had written to Chester to borrow one, in order to save the men the expense of carriage in taking one to the Mersey. Before an answer could be received, Mr. Sinclair kindly offered his new gig, which was accepted.

The Thyne gig left Liverpool for London per van, on Thursday, and it was the intention of Campbell and his party to come up on the following day by the train. As the Chester men appeared half inclined to make a match with the Coombes' crew, the latter, we are informed, intend remaining a few days, to ascertain if they will enter into competition for 50*l*. or 100*l*.

Bell's Life in London (from which we extract the above report of the match) contained the following week the annexed notice of the match likely to be made on the Thames.

THE CONTEMPLATED FOUR OARED MATCH ON THE THAMES.—Throughout the past week considerable interest has been excited among the gentlemen amateurs of aquatic sports, respecting the much-talked of match between the winners at Liverpool on Wednesday week, and the other London crew who also "showed" on the Mersey on that occasion. Charles Campbell in his letter, which appeared in our paper of Sunday week, challenged the other crew to a match for £100 a side, and a gentleman on behalf of Campbell and his party wished a place to be named for a meeting to settle the preliminaries. We are now authorized to state by the gentlemen anxious to back Noulton, Tarrant, Newell, and Coombes, with Parish as their coxswain, against the Campbells, Pocock, and Phelps, that they will be at Avis's, the Bells Tavern, Putney, on Tuesday evening next, to make arrangements for a match from Westminster to Putney, for 50*l*. or 100*l*. a side, the contest to come off as soon as possible.

ETAL TILLSIDE GAMES.

The Members of the Etal Tillside Border Club, for the encouragement of Gymnastic exercises among the youths in the rural districts of the English and Scottish Borders, held their Fifth Annual Meeting, at Etal, in Ford Parish, Northumberland, on Friday, the 25th ult. There was a number of persons of distinction on the ground. The games, which were eighteen in number, commenced at nine o'clock in the morning, within a spacious roped ring of fifty yards in diameter. We give only such as will interest American readers:—

STANDING HOP, STEP, AND LEAP.—Five competitors entered, and had five trials each. John Scott, of Lempitlaw, and Francis Scott, slater, Kelso, his brother, each cleared exactly 30 feet, and divided the prize. Thomas Ainslie, weaver, from Hawick, leaped 29 feet 6 inches, and Anthony Dagg, 28 feet 2 inches.

RUNNING HOP, STEP, AND LEAP.—Only two competitors entered; won by Anthony Dagg, shepherd, Cocklawfoot, who leaped 41 feet 4 inches; and 40 feet 2 inches were cleared by Thomas Ainslie.

RUNNING SINGLE LEAP.—This prize was also carried off by Anthony Dagg, Cocklawfoot, who sprung 16 feet 10½ inches; Francis Scott, of Kelso, cleared 16 feet 8½ inches; William Oliver, Ford Moss, 16 feet 5 inches; and Thos. Ainslie, Hawick, who only took two of his five trials, 15 feet 10 inches.

THREE LEAPS, with or without weights.—Six competitors entered, and were allowed five trials each. It was, however, won at the second course, by William Oliver, merchant, Ford Moss, who cleverly vaulted over 33 feet 6 inches—being 10 inches more than the greatest distance hitherto performed at this exercise at the Tillside Games; the leap of Francis Scott, of Kelso, was 32 feet 7 inches; and those of Thomas Ainslie, of Hawick, and Andrew Wright of Crookham, were 31 feet 9 inches, and 30 feet 10 inches respectively. The distances recorded in this and the three preceding leaping exercises, were exactly measured from toe to heel—the ground being completely cleared.

STANDING HIGH LEAP, over a half inch horizontal bar, and trials until five failures to clear the bar without knocking it down. The prize for this exercise, which has generally been considered as one of the most interesting of the day, was on this occasion contended for by two competitors, and won easily by Thos. Ainslie, of Hawick, the height of whose leap was 4 feet 3 inches and that of George Brown, of Ewart, 4 feet.

RUNNING HIGH LEAP, from 48 inches upwards. Trials till five failures. The prize for this game, which was strenuously contested for by four competitors, was won at the sixth trial, without a single failure, by John Scott, of Lempitlaw, whose leap was 4 feet 6 inches—being eight inches less than that by which Peter Nevins gained the medal last year. George Brown, of Ewart, cleared 4 feet 4 inches, and 4 feet 2 inches were cleared by Thomas Ainslie.

THROWING THE LIGHT HAMMER OF 10¼ lbs.—Three competitors entered for this exercise, which was gained easily by Mr. George Scott, farmer, Fishwick Mains, Berwickshire, who threw the hammer the extraordinary distance of 146 feet 5 inches; second best, Mr. Robert Nevins, whose distance measured 134 feet 5 inches.

THROWING THE HEAVY HAMMER OF 16lbs.—Mr. Geo. Scott, of Fishwick Mains, being the only person entered for this sport, threw the hammer twice for the amusement of the spectators, and to entitle him to the prize. In one of these throws, he threw the hammer 108 feet 3 inches, which is, as well as it can be ascertained, the greatest throw with a 16 pounds hammer on record. A similar remark may be applied to the distance performed by Mr. Scott with the light hammer, which is believed to be unparalleled, in the annals of British Gymnastics. The prize for these two games was a very small mounted Snuff Mull, presented by Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, of Etal House, the Patron of the Games; on which the following appropriate inscription will be engraved at the expense of the Club:—"Prize for Hammer Throwing, presented by Lord F. Fitzclarence, and won by George Scott, at the Etal Tillside Games, Oct. 25, 1839. Distance 146 feet 5 inches, and 108 feet 3 inches respectively."

PUTTING THE LIGHT BALL OF 16lbs., WITH ONE HAND, DIRECT FROM THE SHOULDER.—Five trials—silver medal. Five competitors entered, and some excellent putting took place. The prize, however, was won easily at the second throw by Mr. Robert Nevins, of Heaton Mill, who afterwards took three additional throws for distance, in one of which he projected the ball 37 feet 11 inches—being one inch more than his greatest performance at any previous Tillside Games. Mr. George Scott, of Fishwick Mains, threw the ball 36 feet 8 inches; Anthony Dagg, Cocklawfoot, 35 feet 9 inches; and George Gladstone, Yetholm, 33 feet 4 inches.

PUTTING THE HEAVY BALL OF 21 lbs.—Silver medal. Three competitors appeared, and had five trials each; but it was decided at one throw of 31 feet 8 inches, in favour of Robert Nevins, who subsequently took two throws more, in which he cleared 31 feet 10 inches, and 32 feet one inch, respectively. The distance performed by George Scott in his several throws, were 29 feet 3 inches, 30 feet 11 inches, 30 feet 9 inches, 30 feet 10 inches, and 31 feet; and the farthest throw of Anthony Dagg, was 30 feet 3 inches.

RIFLE SHOOTING, at a 26 inch target, 100 yards distant, by members of the games; three shots each. Seventeen competitors entered, and an excellent competition took place, which ended in favor of Mr. Robert Nevins, of Hetton Mill, who gained the first prize, which was a large and handsome silver medal, presented by the Earl of Errol; and the second prize, which was also a handsome silver medal, of equal size and value to the first and given by David Robertson, Esq., of Lees, was won by Henry Macauley, of Chillingham. The sum of Mr. Nevins's three shots was 15½ inches; and their distances from the centre of the bull's eye, half an inch, 3½, and 11¾ inches, respectively - those of Mr. Macauley were 9 1-16, 1 5-16, and 7½ inches; and the shots of Mr. Robt Weatherhead, of Berwick, who was third, were 6½, 13 3-16, and 13¾ inches.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

RED HOUSE, BATTERSEA.—On Thursday Messrs. Frances and Williams shot a match at the Battersea Inclosure, at twelve pigeons each, twenty-one yards rise, for £25, with double guns; the birds were the best blue rocks provided by Barber. The guns were freely backed at five to four, but there were very few takers. They tied at the seventh shot, each scoring six; Mr. Francis missed his next bird, and his adversary won the match by a bird, killing eight. In consequence of the unfavorable state of the weather the shooting for the silver cup and cover announced to come off on Thursday, at the Red House Inclosure, did not take place. A very handsome silver snuff-box was shot for, at five birds, distance regulated by the calibre of the gun. Messrs. Holt, Wincks, Clayards, Toby, Roberts, and J. Holt, were the competitors; Mr. Wincks was the winner, he killing all his birds. A sweepstakes match of one sovereign each, at four birds, by the same party followed. Mr. Roberts was the winner. In another match Mr. Wyncks and Mr. Clayards tied, and they agreed to shoot it off at a bird each. They shot at ten each before they could decide it, when Mr. Clayards was the winner, he scoring 12 out of 14, at 24 yards rise. The birds were found by the winner, and we never witnessed a better escape from a trap.

Agricultural.

MASSACHUSETTS SWINE.

At a meeting of the Worcester Agricultural Society in Massachusetts, the following report upon Swine was made by a numerous committee, of which William Lincoln, Esq., was the Chairman. We have been informed that Mr. Lincoln was the author of the report, and we have copied it, and hereby call attention to it, as the cleverest thing in the way of fun and utility combined, that we have recently met with. Let not the unpromising title deter he reader from giving the article an attentive perusal.

Report.

The advancement of the Society in prosperity and usefulness may be measured by the progress of improvement among the swine. In 1833 twenty-seven of the most interesting of all the animal races, graced the festival of the farmers of Worcester; in 1839, eighty-one have honored the husbandman's holiday with their presence; in 1833, there were only two boars at the show; in 1839, eighteen have been present;—in 1833, six competitors entered into the peaceful contest for premiums; in 1839, twenty-four have quietly disputed for prizes and praises;—in 1833, two towns of the county were counted here; in 1839, eleven towns of the commonwealth have represented the uncommon-wealth of pigs.

Our schoolmaster has been abroad. Abel Whitney, Esq., who was and is a "judge of swine," has been absent with the ploughs which he now uses instead of pencils and slate. Had his associates been at home in the arithmetic that excellent instructor and ready reckoner imparted to his pupils, the precise relations of the past and present might have been given. Deprived of his countenance, the sum can only be stated in the simplest form. It may be assumed, that as 27 are to 81, and as 6 are to 24, and as 2 are to 11 and 18, so were the persons, pigs, and places of 1833 to those of 1839; and so are the various merits of the first fair to the multiplied excellencies of the last exhibition.

Eighteen boars were in the pens;—out of the pens there were other boars, but they were not entered for the premiums they deserved.

The committee were invited to unite with the delegation of the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture, in bestowing the liberal rewards offered for the encouragement of good breeding in Worcester county. The honor of the appointment was enhanced by the pleasure of being aided in the execution of the duty by the Hon. John Welles, and H. Codman, Esq., of Boston, and by the advice of the Commissioner of Agriculture, learned in the laws of the land.

The equality of excellence of swine produces diversity of opinions of committees. The boar of James H. Clap, of Belchertown, son of an English noble pig of the Berkshire family, was round and square, long and broad, fat and finely formed, of high descent and pure blood. The boar of Samuel A. Knox, of Grafton, descended from the same race on the father side, inherited the virtues and possessed more than the graces of his illustrious ancestors. Their merits were so nearly balanced, that the difference was too fine to be split. Money may be divided more easily than merit. The committee of the State Society, declining to award the premium of twenty dollars to either of the competitors, when they would have desired, if it had been possible, to have given the first reward to both, have instructed the chairman to report, that they bestow one gratuity of ten dollars on Mr. Clapp, and another of the same amount on Mr. Knox.

Fine representatives of the four-footed beauties of Berkshire, were their two animals. In the five points of good hogs, the small head, short legs, long body, broad back, and large hams, they were exemplary. To these qualifications were added ears silky, eyes as bright, and faces with smiles as gentle as have ever been worn with bristles. The early maturity and ready disposition to gain flesh, completed the character of perfect porkers. It was represented that they were small eaters, and that their aptitude to fatten was such, that they could almost live without food, and thrive on little more than nothing.

The art of eating is coeval with the science of living. Eating is uniform; living is various, and has been carried on in many ways. *Living without work* has been popular among all civilized nations; it has not furnished steady employment, and at times has been over laborious. *Living without means* has been practised in all ages, but never rose above a mean condition. *Living by one's wits* has been attempted, but the business has always failed for want of capital. *Living without eating* has not been extensively used. There is an ancient account of a quadruped who was taught the mystery, but as soon as he acquired it he perished, and the secret died with him. Amateurs less gifted with legs, have endeavored to revive the discoveries of the old world. While millions of well filled pots, steaming as did those of the founders of independence, send up their savoury incense at noon-tide, from house and hotel, there are some who drop the solid substance of beef and pork, to grasp at the fleeting shadows of diet, until they become so delicate and pale, as to have no blush in the shade, and to cast no shadow in the sunshine. Aged error and youthful refinement, like other extremes, have held a meeting. The spendthrift of old wasted his substance in sumptuous banquets, till necessity compelled him to partake of the frugal fare of the swine of Palestine. The prodigal of health in modern days, returns to the feast on husks, but the swine are not guests at his board, nor do they become revellers on the banquet of air.

It is but too true, that the manly and vigorous appetite of our forefathers, which could compass whole hams and sirloins, and disperse whole fleets of ducks; and coveys of fowls, to sustain their athletic frames and vigorous spirits, has sadly declined. The degeneracy of the eating capacities of their descendants has been attributed to the excessive cultivation of curls and whiskers, which by their exuberance, obstruct the mouth, tend to exhaust the vital powers, enervate digestion, and infringe the provisions of that great charter of health and happiness, the human constitution.

It is agreeable again to return to the pigs, who indulge in no fanciful extravagancies.

The boar of Samuel A. Knox, of Grafton, might be mentioned frequently, without the repetition of his praises exceeding his merits. He came to the age of discretion at six months, two days ago. He was of the weight of 270 pounds at nine o'clock this morning, but from the testimony of his rapid increase in goodness and fatness, may be much heavier now. A slight tint of the blood of the Mackey breed, mingled by his maternal ancestors with the Berkshire, make him more excel in all the standard marks of a pig. He bore the name of *Major*, and was worthy of that high rank in the infantry line. His claims to the "*five dollar bounty*," for services in the department of national defence, which feeds the valor of the citizen soldier, and invigorates the right arm of the state, by providing rations for its militia, were too strong to be denied, and the County Society's first premium was awarded to him.

The second premium of three dollars was awarded to Peter Fay, of Southboro', for a full blooded Berkshire boar, of the age of 7 months, 9 days, and of the weight of 250 pounds.

The labors of the committee were not diminished by bestowing two premiums where eighteen were merited. There remained a crowd of competitors deserving respectful notice.

The United Brothers of Harvard, exhibited a Berkshire boar, whose appearance was evidence of the success of the society of Shakers in keeping every creature connected with them in good condition. He carried his notions of neatness and propriety so far as to decline the exercise of rooting lest he should soil the cleanliness of his nice black coat. The committee recommend that a gratuity of two dollars be given to Seth Blanchard, in behalf of the Brothers of Harvard, as a slight testimonial of approbation for the improvements in good farming made by that industrious community.

The Berkshire boar of Eden Davis, of Webster, seemed to be aristocratic in his manners. He arrived in a cart drawn by four oxen, and did not alight from his carriage to enter the parlors provided for the pigs with carpets of green turf and wainscoting of chesnut rails; but this proved to have been owing to the rooms being entirely pre-occupied. Mr. Davis would benefit agriculture if he would allow his pig to continue locomotive, and let him run to every farm which could be reached by a team as strong and well trained as that which rejoiced in the honor of drawing his pork. It is recommended that the Society bestow a gratuity of two dollars to Mr. Davis, to be expended in food and lodging for his excellent animal, as a compensation for the misfortune of being excluded from his proper place.

While the supremacy of the breed of swine from Old England has been acknowledged, the claims of that of New England origin must not be neglected. The boar of Marvin Wesson, of Phillipston, was of the "Miller's breed," and looked as if he had taken tolls from the meal of his master, and could repay the debt by furnishing him with a multitude of meals. It is recommended that a gratuity of two dollars be bestowed on a pig having the solid and substantial worth of Yankee character.

Weaned pigs, not less than four in number, were numerous, with all the promonitory symptoms of future excellence. The first premium of six dollars for the rising generation of swine, is awarded to Harvey Dodge, of Sutton, for four Berkshires, who promise much to benefit posterity. Seven pigs of William Eaton of Worcester, sturdy New Englanders, received the second premium of three dollars.

Whenever it is necessary to approach female society, it is proper to proceed with great caution. In this opinion the members of the committee, having constituents around their firesides to whom they are responsible, could not formally concur without consultation.

The sow of Eleazar Porter, of full Berkshire blood, brought with her five interesting testimonials of her accomplishments in good breeding, in five pleasant little pigs. Her own fair face and finely rounded form were so satisfactory proofs of the good living of the American Temperance House, that the certificate of being kept well at the hotel where she resides, was not examined.

A venerable Berkshire matron of Harvey Dodge, of Sutton, appeared in a cart. If there was no want of room without her carriage, there was no want of any thing but room within. Her narrow pen was ornamented with a flourishing family, and this Cornelia of the swine in her humble apartment, might, like the Roman mother, have pointed to her children and exclaimed, "these are my jewels." For this breeding sow, the second premium of 3 dollars is awarded.

Massachusetts has encouraged all that is useful and excellent. Her government has cherished agriculture by appropriations for societies, by providing for careful surveys, by bestowing bounties for the production of grain, and by employing first rate talent in developing the resources of the soil and the best modes of cultivation. Her citizens feed improvement as they fatten pork. The ancient Commonwealth gathers up precepts and holds out practice to teach by examples. Great examples and worthy of imitation, were fifteen swine of the Old Bay State from the Lunatic Hospital. The principle that all things have beginning, middle, and end, has some exceptions: the hogs of Massachusetts seemed to be without particular beginning or end, with nothing middling. They would have been cubes of pork, if they had not been rounded into spheres for the more perfect symmetry. They were sober and solid, as all is belonging to the institution of which they are members. They were bearers of despatches from the Superintendent, communicating a remarkable instance of resistance to the authority and order of their home.

"Two of the fattest and best of the swine," writes Dr. Woodward, in his letter bearing even date with these presents, "remain behind. Before they left the sty they manifested repugnance to the exercise of the authority which disturbed their repose—they were urged to advance till they had cleared the pen when they turned up their noses, planted themselves on *broad constitutional ground*, and refused to advance. They were *flattered* and *entreated* without good effect, and finally were *commanded*, but to no good purpose. They seemed to believe that they had *state rights*, and could *nullify* the measures of their general government. Their pride could not be roused by the prospect of seeing the public, or even by the promise of meeting the 'judges of swine'—nor could their sense of justice be excited by the argument that their good keeping deserved from them cheerful acquiescence in the arrangements of the great exhibition. So far as their ideas could be understood by those who had not studied their language of signs, *they did not like the law* which compelled them to remove from the places of their business, where they had accumulated large personal estates—they regarded it as anti-sumptuary—and questioned the power as well as the right to enforce such enactment."

These bold rebels have been placed in close confinement in the custody of a faithful keeper, there to remain with no better food than bread and water, until they should be converted to non resistance. Should they continue contumacious, they will be brought to trial at the next December term of the court, and the painful necessity will exist of inflicting capital punishment for their offences.

It should be remarked, that to drive a pig pleasantly is an accomplishment as rare as it is elegant. This branch of education has not yet been introduced in the seminaries for instruction;—it is not taught in the Normal schools, or the colleges of New England—it can only be learned in the university of nature.—Much mischief and great diversity of practice have resulted from the neglect of the study of the art. Some have attempted to entice the pig into the way he should go, by the moral suasion of meal; if he was of the gentle Berkshire race, he would seriously incline his ear to an ear of corn, but not unfrequently halted. Others have preferred the coercive process of fastening the fifteen stranded cord of compulsion around his nose; if the pig was "*striped*," he would not move an inch on such terms. Neither time nor place allow the discussion of the comparative advantages of the two modes, or the attempt to reconcile the discordant views in regard to being led or driven.

Some of the swine who obeyed the summons to come from the Hospital, looked as if they had forgotten to bring their heads. The omission might have been considered contempt, and to have justified sentence to a confinement as severe as that recently endured by witnesses who have been unanswerable in other courts, to stand committed until liberated by the habeas corpus, which enlarges the body of pork from the prison of the barrel. But it appeared that for the convenience of travelling, they had packed their heads too deeply in their trunks to be again taken out. The dissolution of the copartnership existing between head and body, by the pressure of rope or the motion of knife, is not considered agreeable; to have the chief end embalmed in pork must be delightful. While these animals remain under the care of Dr. Woodward, the loss of the extremity is of slight consequence. At the Hospital, second-hand heads are cleaned, repaired, and refurnished, so that they go as well as new ones, and perhaps the skill which exists in that institution might take down a small understanding and set up a larger one.

It would be impossible, in one day, to express the sentiments of the committee in viewing the congregation of swine. They can only hope to delineate the virtues of eighty-one hogs by appending eighty-one notes, exhibiting portraitures of the manners, morals, feeding, breeding and fatness of each. Compelled to part abruptly from their friends, they can only state generally—that the boars of Lowell Sibley, of Sutton, half Rosebrook; of Joseph Jepherson of Northbridge, full blooded Leicestershire; of Alfred Mower of Charlton, of the Berkshire family; of Amory Holman of Bolton, one fourth Mackey and three-fourths Grass bred; of Lewis Chapin of Worcester, native born; of John Barnard of Worcester, from the Bigelow stock; of Aaron Howe of Shrewsbury, half Berkshire and half Leicestershire; of Lovell Southwick of Sutton, with the Bedford feather; of Eleazar Porter of Worcester, one of the Headless Hogs of the Hospital; of Benjamin P. Rice of Worcester, a citizen of New England; of Levi Bowman of Westboro', of the Berkshire breed; and of Harvey Dodge of Sutton, one fourth Berkshire and three fourths Grass breed—have failed to obtain premiums; not by reason of any deficiency in their own merits, but by reason of the extraordinary excellence of their successful Berkshire rivals. We must not covet our neighbors goods; every member of the society must honestly desire to have *all* the pigs of these gentlemen, and must wish that each of them should receive thanks for their exhibition of fine animals.

It is necessary to be long when there is no time to be short. For towards the *last* in the order of reports, come the "Judges" of the society and the swine; in the first order of merit the last should be *first*. Bulls are good—oxen great—heifers graceful—and all the *neat stock* in and out of the husbandman's household, elegant and amiable: Hogs are both ornamental and useful. They constitute the beautiful of the farm yard. They fill that remarkable space, only one step wide, separating the sublime from the ridiculous. The swine have stood in the dignity of conscious worth while the whole delegation to the annual county convention of herds and flocks have gone by. It has been their consolation under the preference given to others in the procession, that for them the post of honor was a station in a private pig pen. There, surrounded by attentive friends, with the affections of those who have fed them and in their turn will be fed by them, and the endearments of domestic circles, supplied with happiness by the pailful three times a day, they could fill large places in life, and fill many plates of the hungry in death.

If yesterday had been to-day, or to-day was to-morrow, the report of the committee would have been more brief;—if this year had been next year, the chairman would have had the honor to report nothing.

All which is respectfully submitted,

Worcester, Oct. 9, 1839. WILLIAM LINCOLN, Chairman.

BREEDING AND REARING HORSES

FOR AGRICULTURAL PURPOSES.

The editor of the Franklin (Ky.) Farmer, some time since, offered liberal premiums for the first and second best essays on the above subject. In a late number these essays were published in that journal, and one of them has already appeared in our columns. The estimation in which they are held is evinced by the extended circulation they are receiving through the public press—and in a subsequent number of the paper to that in which they were originally published, we find the following token of approbation to the writers.

Reward of Merit.—The following letter is a characteristic of the writer; and it does him great credit. By the way, the liberality of Mr Sherley should be imitated by others, who equally appreciate the utility of the essays in question. That these performances have in this signal manner received the approbation of an old and experienced breeder so distinguished as Mr. Sherley, is a sufficient attestation of their merit; and we feel no little gratification in having offered the premiums which brought out the writers of the essays. It appears hto us tat, if such acknowledgments of the utility of essays on subjects of importance to farmers, were more often made, the ablest writers would be stimulated to write more and better than they do.

Louisville, Nov. 17, 1839.

To the Editor of the Franklin Farmer:

Dear Sir:—Permit me, through your useful paper, to tender to the authors of the two essays, published in your 12th number, "on breeding and rearing horses for agricultural purposes," the services of two stallions. I consider both those gentlemen justly entitled to that much, at least, from me; for I entertain the opinion that their essays will be worth more to each farmer of the west than double the price of a draft horse, provided they strictly pursue the recommendations of those experienced writers, in their efforts to improve the most useful of all animals. To Mr. W. Williams, I offer a season to Pacific, or any other horse I am interested in: I say Pacific, because I think he comes up to his description both as a blood horse and a breeder; and I believe Mr. Williams' neighbors will agree with me on these points, if I am to judge from the many solicitations from Tennessee for his return to that State, where the value of good blood, form, qualities and breeding are so well understood and appreciated.* Those who are not acquainted with the powers of Pacific, will form the same opinion of him, if they will take the trouble to examine the list of the three and four mile winners of his get.

To Judge Beatty, I offer the season of Jefferson, my premium horse; for I consider this animal the very reality of the choice description by him of a horse for the farm, carriage or saddle. He is sixteen and a half hands high, and in proportion to that height, handsome and active. He is a grandson of old Pacolet, one of Mr. Williams' favorite brood horse.

Yours truly, Lewis Sherley.

---

* Pacific is a full brother to the celebrated Bertrand.—*Ed. Franklin Farmer.*

COW HOUSES.

After all that is said about breeds, much, very much depends upon the treatment which cattle receive. How many of the farmers of Middle Tennessee have prepared to shelter their cows during the approaching winter? The best Teeswaters, or Airshires, or Devons, or Herefords, it is an absolute fact, would die out on the treatment which many of our farmers give their common cattle—treatment which it is believed would even bring to "the lift" the stoutest hearted West Highland Scot. It is needless to characterise what this particular management, or rather all want of management, *is*—"he who runs, may read" the *effects* of it, all over the country.

Let us reform. We are all fond of rich milk, and butter, and cheese; or good sirloin, or steak, or delicate roasting bits of veal—and we want these things in abundance. Buying short-horn Durhams from Kentucky, *alone*, will not do. *Buying*, simply, from the best graziers at home, will not keep our tables supplied with these luxuries. Besides, we must raise to sell again. Instead of exhaustion, we must make this a sort of *wealth* to the *State*. See what Kentucky has done, and is doing? Can we not turn the observation to good account? It is entirely within the power of every stock raiser in the State to do so—and as a beginning, let those who have not already done it, immediately set about providing some sort of shelter for their cattle against the cold winds and rains which are soon about to visit them.

To those who believe they cannot profitably or conveniently go to the expense of building cow houses, we would respectfully commend the erection of sheds on the south sides of their barns or cribs, or in their open cattle-yards; and if the latter, to defend the stock from the cold damp north-east winds, and the cold blasts from the north and north-west, with board or plank walls, so as to leave the south side open to admit the sun in winter, and give free access to south winds in summer. Many farmers feed in their yards, in racks, without sheds, and pride themselves on their economy, as compared to the wasteful habits of their neighbors in feeding on the *ground* or in their *fields*; (and true there is a great saving in food, as well as dung dropped, watered, and tramped in by the cattle,) but such gentlemen ought to recollect that the manure will be greatly inferior to that made and preserved under cover, whilst the cattle themselves will be much harder to fatten while suffering with wet and cold, than if they had dry and comfortable shelters.

In the older States there is a laudable emulation among the farmers in building good barns and farm houses for cattle. This is particularly the case in Pennsylvania and Maryland. The following account of a superior farm arrangement is from the pen of Mr. Robert Smith, of Baltimore, and is here appended, for the especial emulation of the more spirited breeders of good stock among the readers of the Cultivator.

"The barn is constructed according to the best Pennsylvania models. The yard is to the *south* of it. On the east and west sides are cow stables, containing 100 well-made stables, and were ventilated by a sufficient number of windows and double doors. In these stables are, in summer as well as in winter, several ranges of cattle, duly littered and properly secured each by a chain and halter. At the tails of each range of cows, there is a drain made of strong planks, so fixed as to receive all their dung and urine. These several drains have a sufficient declivity to carry all the fluid matter to their southern terminations, where they intersect similar drains which convey all this liquid manure into a cistern fifty feet long. The cistern is so placed and constructed as to receive not only the urine of the stables, but also the liquid matter of the farm yard. In it there is a pump, by means of which its contents are pumped into a large hogshead, fixed on a pair of wheels drawn by oxen. To the end of this hogshead is attached a box pierced with holes, into which this liquid manure flows through a spigot and faucet, and is then sprinkled over the ground as the oxen move forward.

"For the purpose of augmenting the quantity and improving the quality of the food of my stock of every kind, I have established a steam apparatus. It consists of a boiler and two wooden boxes, in which boxes is steamed the food. These boxes contain each eighty bushels. By this simple apparatus every species of coarse vegetable offal is converted into nourishing food, and all the ordinary provender is rendered more nutritious."

Southern Cultivator.

IMPROVEMENT IN STOCK.

It is well known by intelligent farmers that great improvements may be made in stock, and they are giving their attention to the business. Every farmer should attend to it, for it is a subject of the highest importance, and one which has generally been very much neglected. The means of improvement are within the reach of every one, even those of the humblest condition. Though it may require more capital than most farmers can spare for that purpose, to purchase the expensive improved breeds that are imported, yet a great improvemen may be made in our native breeds of stock, or a great advantage gained by purchasing those already improved, some of which may be had at a moderate price in almost every part of the country.

Every farmer in selecting the stock which he intends to winter, should examine them critically, and if they are not of good forms and size, if his ox kind be not tough and hardy, capable of performing much labor with common fare, and his cows good milkers, he should look around and purchase better, or exchange them for some that are superior which are intended for slaughter. If a man has stock to sell, he should by all means first select the best for keeping, though the poorer animals sell for much less.

We have heard drovers observe that farmers have offered them any lambs in their flocks, setting the price upon the handsomest and best for keeping—those of the largest and finest fleeces and best forms—only about one-third higher than the poorest part of the flock, with ugly forms and small coarse fleeces. The difference in the price was frequently so small that the drovers preferred the large lambs for their use, and in this manner even fine flocks of the farmer would soon be reduced to a worthless race. If the drover could give 50 per cent. more for the best lambs, they were surely worth 100 or 200 per cent. more to the farmer for keeping; as by selling off the best the whole flock would soon greatly depreciate in value.

A farmer may sell his best apples, his fattest beef, pork, mutton, and poultry, his best butter and cheese, and other articles which command a good price on account of their superiority, without disadvantage, if he have good wholesome provision for his own consumption. Sometimes when the articles are to be carried far to a market, there may be a decided advantage in selling the best, as the purchaser may be willing to pay high to gratify his taste and please his fancy; while other articles, not so fine and rich, may be wholesome and nutritious, and of almost equal value to the consumer. The sale of such produce does not affect future crops.

But when a farmer sells his finest animals, he suffers a loss that is lasting—he feels it every year in the depreciation of his stock, as it affords less profit while the expense of keeping is about the same. A farmer should no more think of selling off his best animals than he should of selling his large handsome ears of traced corn, carefully selected in the field, and planting little nubbins, such as usually fall to the lot of the pigs. In animals as well as vegetables, propagate from the best, for "like produces like." You cannot expect to gather figs from thistles.

Yankee Farmer.

Garrick.—Garrick was once on a visit at Mr. Rigby's seat, Misleyty Hall, Essex, when Dr. Gough formed one of the party: observing the potent appetite of the learned Doctor, Garrick indulged in some coarse jests on the occasion, to the great amusement of the company, the Doctor excepted; who, when the laugh had subsided, thus addressed the party:—"Gentlemen, you must doubtless suppose, from the extreme familiarity with which Mr. Garrick has thought fit to treat me, that I am an acquaintance of his, but I can assure you, that, till I met him here, I never saw him but once before, and then I paid five shillings for the sight." Roscius was silent.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Augusta, Ga. - - - -	Lafayette Course, J. C. Meeting, 27th Jan.
" "	Hampton Course, J. C Meeting, 13th Jan.
Montgomery, Ala. -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, Dec. 24th.
Marianna, Fla. - - -	Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 1st Tuesday in Feb. next.
Newberry, S.C. - -	Jockey Club Annual Races, last Thursday, 26th Dec.
New Orleans, La. -	Eclipse Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Dec.
Raleigh, N. C. - -	Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday in April next.
Tallahassee, Fla. -	Jockey Club Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 8th Jan.
Tuscumbia, Ala. - -	Franklin Co. Course, Spring Meeting, 1st week in May next.
Washington, D. C.-	Washington Course, Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday in May next.
Waynesboro', N.C.	Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday in April next.

Miscellaneous.

READING ROOM LOAFERS.

Although nothing is so rare as a reading room in this city, our's and that of the Merchant's Exchange being the only ones, yet nothing is so common as Reading Room Loafers. We are fairly bothered to death by them, and have tried every means imaginable to get rid of them; yet we no sooner cut down one than, hydra-like, two appear in his place Like Proteus of old, they assume every shape and color. We no sooner get rid of one than in pops another, not even possessing, like Paul Pry—"just stepped in—hope I don't intrude."

Understand us—when we say loafer, we mean him who enters the room without a regular introduction, or without becoming a subscriber, agreeably to our terms and the rules of the room. He who would fain make use of our capital and labor without invitation, permission, or payment. A fellow who would use the fruits of our industry without giving us either thanks or remuneration. When we say loafer, we mean a *practical* agrarian—not in the division of labor, but in the division of the results of the hard work of others. We mean a fellow who luffs close to the wind—or, as the French sailor would say, "*qui vent* LOAFER *contre vents et marée.*" One who stands at the lunch and dines, without buying a drink; or, what is worse, who reads daily every paper in town without paying for any.

The other day Loafer No. 1 walked into our room, took his seat near the fire, sitting crosswise, so as to keep off every one else, seized the "Spirit of the Times," and amused himself for at least an hour over its ever interesting and *racy* pages. We were in our sanctum, when one of our subscribers came bouncing in, exclaiming, "D——n it, Gibson, I shall have to stop my subscription—I can never see the papers I wish for. Where's the 'Spirit of the Times?'" We jumped up to search for the paper, and after going round the room, we noticed No. 1 intently perusing some absorbing item. Seeing at once that he was not a subscriber, we walked up.—"Are you a subscriber to the room?" said we.

"Subscriber?—room?—oh—I'll be d——d if I am. Why, I only came to see about the last *race* in the 'Spirit' here! Have you heard which horse beat?—I may win yet."

"And we *may* lose a subscriber. Be so good, sir, as to give up that paper; if you wish to read it, or remain here, you must pay the usual subscription."

"Pay to stay here!—why I don't see any board nor lodging, and as to your fire, it wouldn't singe the hair off a *tarrapin*. Pay, indeed," said the fellow, walking off, "why I can borrow all the papers *I* ever want to read." Exit.

Next comes Loafer No. 2. "Have you got any Philadelphia papers here?" enquires he.

"Yes," we reply.

"Well, show me one, if you please."

"With pleasure; we take subscribers monthly at one dollar."

"Oh! I s'pose you do; but I don't want to stay a month—I only want to see a Philadelphia paper."

"Well, you can't see it unless you subscribe."

"How unaccommodating the New Orleans people are," observed the chap, as he withdrew.

Loafer No. 3 is a sneaking fellow; he slips into some unfrequented corner of the room, and there devours every scrap of news he can lay his eyes on. Literature, science, politics—all are the same to him—he must read. He is a conscious thief—he knows the *rules* of the room, understands *why* they are established, but can't resist the temptation—*fate* has marked him to be a reading room loafer. We have kicked him out of the room a dozen times, but he still returns, like Foscari, to his native Venice—

"A kicking, what you will, so it be *here*."

And so on we might go to the end of the list; but we will content ourselves to-day with observing, that the establishment of the reading room cost us thousands of dollars original investment—that our monthly expenses are very heavy, and that the gentlemen loafers must excuse us for not giving them the freedom of the room. If we did, if we were not rigid in enforcing our *rules*, we would soon find a gratis reader for every paper, and the bona fide money-paying subscribers would be forced to evacuate, for the sheer want of a place to squeeze themselves into. New Orleans True American.

A field preacher, who had been a printer, observed in the usual harangue, "that youth might be compared to a *comma*, manhood to a *semicolon*, old age to a *colon*, to which death puts a *period* or *full stop*!"

A Gloucestershire Jury.—In a case in the Crown Court, at the late quarter sessions for the county of Gloucester, the jury found two prisoners, "guilty of *stealing* without a *felonious* intention." The laughter excited in Court was excessive, and the jury corrected the verdict by returning a general verdict of guilty.—*Gloucester paper.*

Borrowing.—Mother wants to know as how if you'll lend her two sticks of wood?" "Yes, there are a couple of logs—but you didn't return the last."—"No—and I won't take them 'ere without you split 'em."

The Ohio river is quite *low*—"Confined to its *bed*," entirely owing to a package of Brandreth's pills which were thrown over to lighten a small steamboat opposite Cincinnati. N. O. Times.

In justice to Dr. Brandreth we state on good authority that the river is convalescent.

A Quaker's Letter.—Friend John, I desire thee to be so kind as to go to one of those sinful men in the flesh, called attorneys, and let him take out an instrument with a seal thereunto, by means whereof he may seize the outward tabernacle of George Green, and bring him before the lamb-skin men at Westminster, and teach him to do as he would be done by. Thy friend, R. G.

The Value of Sons.—A short time since a man was heard lamenting the death of two of his sons: "Two stout, hearty boys," said he, "and died just afore hayin' time,—I'd rather geen nine shillings—its eny-most ondid me."

An Impression.—A Western preacher commenced a funeral sermon as follows:—"My impression is, my hearers, that we must all die, sooner or later!"

Taking things coolly.—A merchant in this city, who is as notorious for his wit as he is for his *don't-care-itiveness*, was seen a day or two since watching the town clock with intense anxiety for at least a half hour. As the hand moved towards the terrible hour of three, he was observed to become more and more agitated. At length the clock struck, and the hinges of the bank door were heard to groan for the departed credit of many a good fellow.

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed the mysterious one, rubbing his hands in extacy, "I'm a happy man—the long agony is over!"

"What's the matter?" asked a friend, "your joy is ill-timed, for that bell has brought sorrow to many."

"I never felt so happy in all my life! Here have I been standing for more than half an hour in an anxious expectation of hearing the clock strike three."

"Well—you have heard it—what then?"

"Why—I hate suspense. I had a note to pay to day—I could not raise the wind. It's now laid over—so let's go take something to drink. Allons."

Clper.ip

PEDESTRIANISM.

Foot Race for One Hundred Pounds.—A few days ago a match was made between Sale, of Denton, and Howarth, of Bury, to run two hundred yards over Knutsford race course, for £50 a side, £25 a side being then posted. The remaining £25 to be made good on the morning of the race, which was fixed for Monday last. On that morning, notwithstanding the torrents of rain, an immense concourse of people, from Denton, Staley Bridge, Ashton, Oldham, and Bury, assembled. The stakeholder having arrived, the remainder of the money was immediately deposited, and shortly after the men proceeded to the course. Bets, almost to any amount, were offered at long and various odds in favor of Howarth, who, it was quite evident, had got the richer party, but numerically Sale could boast of the advantage, and the latter supported their man to the full length of their tether. About half-past twelve the men began to strip, and soon after were nearly prepared for the "Go." The stands were lined with scramblers, and upwards of 1000 persons were upon the course. The side which Sale had selected had a slight advantage over Howarth's. The men were ready, the umpires were upon the *qui vive*; the betting lads were in raptures, and the spectators in breathless silence. After two false starts away they went, Sale having the advantage by about three quarters of a yard; but Howarth almost immediately after headed him, and led by about half a yard for about 120 or 130 yards, when Sale challenged him, shortly went in front, was never breasted again, and won cleverly by three yards, Howarth declining further contest before he reached the goal. Before stripping Howarth was flushed, and evidently not in the best of "tif." Sale was in admirable condition, and his manner of starting praiseworthy. The Dentonity had a regular field-day, and we understand have "made the welkin ring" during the week with their joy. The two hundred yards was accomplished in a trifle over 21 seconds.

Splendid Fireworks.—When Elliston was manager of the Worcester theatre, he advertised a splendid display of fireworks for his benefit. Now fireworks are very popular, and his house was crowded. At last the play and farce were over, and not a cracker—not a single squib, was prepared for the gratification of the most impatient audience. The cry for "Fireworks, fireworks, fireworks!" became terifically loud, just as the cry for ballot will be after the farce of the next election. The stage-manager, one John Crisp, and the affrighted company expected what, in theatrical parlance, is termed a "demolishing row." Elliston, nothing daunted, stepped forward, and thus addressed the people:—"Ladies and gentlemen, I have prepared for your amusement the most splendid pyrotechnic display ever beheld in this or any other town in the kingdom [deafening cheers]; but it is my duty to inform you, that if the fireworks be exhibited, my engineer is of opinion they will positively blow off the roof of the theatre—such is their strength and magnitude!—but you shall have them. '[Cries of No, no, Mr. Elliston,' and a general rising] I have never deceived you, my dear friends and patrons, and you shall have them. [Cries of 'No, no,' and a partial move.] My stage-manager, Mr. Crisp—there he is, in my private box—will attest the fact. The fireworks will positively blow off the roof of the theatre—but you shall have them." The terror generated was now complete. The skilful manager kept the hobgoblin before their eyes by repeating, "but you shall have them," and the affrighted crowd rushed from the theatre amidst reiterated shouts of "No, no, Mr. Elliston!"

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following choice stock, of pure blood and unexceptionable pedigree, is offered for sale, viz.:

No. 1. *Nancy Norwood*, (dam of Atalanta,) by Thornton's Rattler, out of a Bonaparte mare, she out of a double crossed Medley mare; now 14 years old, and in foal to Priam.

2. *Camilla*, out of Nancy Norwood by Sussex; now 6 years old, and open.

3. A bay filly, out of Camilla by Priam, now at the foot, finely pointed, and large of her age.

4. *Maid of Northampton*, a grey filly, out of Nancy Norwood by Autocrat, now 3 years old, and winner of the Maryland produce stake over the National Course in Oct. last.

5. *Violetta*, out of Lady Telegraph by Oscar Junior, now 4 years old, and in foal to Imp. John Bull.

Together with a number of others, male and female, of pure and undoubted pedigrees. As the pedigrees of this stock have long since been published both in the "Turf Register" and "Spirit of the Times," a reference to those papers will satisfy the most scrupulous of the entire purity and value of the lot. Any gentleman or company of gentlemen who may desire to purchase the lot, or any portion thereof, can obtain every information by addressing the subscriber through the Bladensburg post office, Maryland.

Dec. 16, 1839—[dec21] SAML. SPRIGG.

SETTERS WANTED.

TWO very fine Setters are wanted at This Office. They must be well broke, young and handsome. Application may be made (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of The Spirit of the Times.

A well bred *Setter Slut* is also wanted, to breed from. She must have been a good performer herself, and from a well known stock. Dec. 21.

TROTTING STALLIONS WANTED.

LIBERAL prices will be paid for two Stallions of fine size and good action, from which to breed superior Carriage Horses. It is not required that they should be thoroughbred, but they must be at least 15½ hands high, and able to trot a mile in four minutes. Bays would be preferred; any other color would not be an insuperable objection, provided they were fine in every other respect. Letters containing a description, stating price, etc., will be attended to if addressed (post paid) to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times. Dec. 21.

LEVIATHAN STALLIONS FOR SALE.

WACOUSTA, a dark chesnut, without any white, 15 hands 3 inches high, with great length and substance, foaled in 1832; was sired by the celebrated imported horse Leviathan, out of Lady Lightfoot by Oscar, g. d. Maid of Orleans by Cœur de Lion, g. g. d. Nancy Mason by Imp. Saltram—Wildair—Mercury—Apollo—Jolly Roger—Imp. Grenville mare.

Performances.

Nashville, May 26, 1835—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds. Seventeen subs. at $50 each, P. P. Mile heats.

H. Kirkman's ch. c. *Wacousta*	3	4	1	1
T. A. Pankey's ch. f. *Alice Riggs*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Hope	2	2	2 r.o.	
Jno. Bass' gr. f. by Richard	6	5	3 r.o.	
J. Southall's b. c. by Stockholder	5	1	dist.	
L. L. Leavell's bl f. by Childers	1	3	dist.	
R. Desha's gr. c. by Imp. Leviathan	4	6	dr	
Jas. H. Hough's ch. c. by Kosciusko	dist.			

Time, 1:55—1:56—1:55.

Gallatin, Sept. 14, 1836—Jockey Club Purse $400, entrance $40; Three mile heats.

Jno. C. Beasley's bl. c. *Othello*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs., 100lbs.	1	1
Jas. Jackson's ch. c. *Wacousta*, by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs., 100lbs.	2	2
A P. Yourie's b. c. *Balie Peyton*, by Bertrand, 3 yrs., 86lbs	3	dr
S. C. Franklin's ch. m. *Matilda Rush*, by Stockholder, 5 yrs., 107lbs.	4	dr

Time, 7:15—6:58. Track very deep

Nashville, Sept. 29th, 1836—Jockey Club Purse $700, with the entrance money ($300) added; Four mile heats.

Kirkman & Dickinson's ch c. *Wacousta*, 4 yrs., 100lbs	3	1	1
R. Smith's ch. f. *Fanny Bell*, by Murat, 3 yrs., 83lbs	1	3	2
Ragland & Davis' bl. c. *Othello* by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs., 100lbs	2	2	3
T A. Pankey's b h. *Harkaway*, by Merlin, out of Picton's dam, 5 yrs., 110lbs	dist.		
John Crow's b. c. by Havoc, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs., 100lbs	dist.		
L. P. Cheatham's b. c. by Bertrand, dam by Bagdad, 5 yrs., 110lbs	dist.		

Time, 8:13—8:12—8:24. Track heavy.

Florence, Ala., Oct 27, 1837—Jockey Club Purse $300, entrance money ($60,) added; Two mile heats, best 3 in 5.

J. Jackson's (Kirkman & Dickinson's) ch. c. *Wacousta*, 4 yrs., 100lbs.	1	1	1
C. Cheatham's ch. c. *Osceola*, by Eclipse, dam by Constitution, 3 yrs., 86lbs.	2	2	2

Time, 4:05—4:01—4:06.

Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 9, 1836—Jockey Club Purse $600, entrance money ($120,) added Three mile heats.

Jas. Jackson's (Kirkman & Dickinson's) ch. c. *Wacousta*, 4 yrs., 104lbs.	3	1	1
Jno. Connally's ch. c. *Little Red*, by Bertrand, 4 yrs., 104	1	2	2
S. Ragland's b. c. *Othello*, by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs., 104lbs.	2	3	3

Time, 5.56—5:51—5:59.

The second heat of this race was the fastest ever run over the Huntsville Course, the horses carrying 4lbs. over the usual 4 yr. old weights After this he was taken from the Turf. Wacousta was never beaten except by the Leviathan horse Othello, whom he beat *twice* afterwards. Wacousta is a sure Foal getter, and his colts look as fine as his sire's.

Also, ONALASKA, br. c. 3 yrs, own Brother to Wacousta, 16 hands high, no white except small blaze in the forehead. He was very promising, and entered in several stakes: while in training, he took the distemper. He ran in his first Stake at Nashville in May last, which proved that the distemper had entirely injured him as a race horse. He will make a splendid stallion. Both the above horses we are willing to sell at fair prices, and on liberal time, viz., $4000 for Wacousta, and $2000 for Onalaska, at one and two years.

H. & J. KIRKMAN.

Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 15, 1839.—[dec21-8t]

MONARCH.

THIS celebrated Racer will make his first season, under the direction of Mr. William A. Stewart, at Col. Wade Hampton's Woodlands Estate, five miles below Columbia, South Carolina, and be let to mares at One Hundred Dollars the season, to be paid in every instance before the mare is served.

By reference to the sporting periodicals of the day, Monarch's extended pedigree and performances may be seen. During his short but brilliant career on the Turf, he has never encountered any thing either in *public* or *private*, that could afford him a trial. He was bred at Hampton Court, by his Majesty William IV., and was foaled in 1834. He was got by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker. He has started seven times, and never lost a heat.

Extensive Rye and Grass Pastures are provided for mares, with separate lots for such as may have young foals. Mares well fed at fifty cents per day, to be paid before they are removed. Such mares as may not prove in foal to Monarch the first season, will be entitled the second to a season gratis to him or such other horse as may occupy his stand Every care will be taken to guard against accidents, but no responsibility should they occur. Season to commence the 1st of February, and terminate the 1st of July.

Columbia, S. C., Dec. 1, 1839.—[dec21]

N.B. Black servants boarded gratis; having no accommodations for white ones, they must board in Columbia or elsewhere.

PRODUCE STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1840, over the Victoria Course, (Fauquier, White Sulphur Springs,) Va., Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 forfeit; to name and close 1st January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Dr. Lufborough names produce of Vixen, by Rob Roy, and St. Leger.
2. Robert E. Lee names produce of Maria, by Contention, and Imp Priam.
3. Also, produce of a Sir Charles mare and Imp Felt.
4. A. M. Payne names produce of Ruth, by Medley, and Imp. Emancipation.
5. Also, produce of Emily, by Sir Charles, and Imp. Emancipation.
6. R. E. Scott names produce of Mazeppa's dam and Imp. Priam.
7. Hector Bell names produce of Slender, by Industry, and Imp. Emancipation.
8. John Baker names produce of Linnet, by Rob Roy, and Imp. Felt.
9. Wm L. White names produce of Imp. My Lady, by Comus, and Imp. Priam.
10. Also, produce of Corset and Imp. Priam.
11. Thomas Doswell names produce of Eliza Whorton and Pamunky.
12. McCargo and Duvall.

Persons wishing to become subscribers to the above Stake will address the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times [jy13]

SWEEPSTAKES, OPELOUSAS, La.

SWEEPSTAKES for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, to be run on the day previous to the Fall Meeting of 1840, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close 1st March, 1840; three or more to make a race. Now one subscriber, viz:—H. Carlin. [dec14]

Persons wishing to subscribe will address E. W. TAYLOR, *Sec'y.*

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard

IMPROVED DURHAM SHORT HORNS.

MR. WHITAKER'S third sale of high bred improved Short Horns, by the Ship Napier, will be held at Powelton, near Philadelphia, on Friday, the 20th September, 1839, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Subscriber is authorised by Col. Powell to state, that all the best cattle which he has at any time imported, and the improved Short Horns which he considered the best in England, were either in Mr. Whitaker's possession, or were derived from his fold. Col. Powell has not the slightest interest in Mr. Whitaker's sales.

C. J. WOLBERT, Auctioneer.

Philadelphia, July 15th, 1839.—[jy 20]

WATKINS & ASKHAM,

FRENCH AND ENGLISH TAILORS AND DRAPERS, No. 61 Nassau Street, New York, and 180 Regent Street, London. Uniforms and Fancy Dresses. Diplomatique and other Appointments. Prices extremely low for cash. [dec14]

SOUTH CAROLINA ANNUAL RACES.

THE Annual Races over the *Washington Course*, near Charleston, S. C., will commence on Monday, the 17th February.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. To which are the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names Imp. b. c. *Sovereign*, by Emilius, out of Fleur de Lis by Bourbon.
2. Also, Imp ch. f. *Actress*, by The Colonel, out of Miss Clifton by Partisan.
3. P. McRa names Imp. ch. f. by Langar.
4. Col. Singleton names Imp. f. by Priam.
5. Paul Fitzsimons names br. f. by St. Nicholas.
6. John Manning names ch. f. by Langar, out of The Balkan by Blacklock.
7. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Sally Taylor.
8. Dr. Heyward names br. f by Imp. Nonplus, dam by Crusader, out of Roxana.
9. Wade Hampton, Jr. names br. f. *Kate Seyton*, by Argyle, out of Pocahontas.
10. P. M. Butler names Imp. b. f. by Actæon, out of Scandal by Selim.
11. Jas. H. Adams names Imp. ch. f. by Actæon, out of Ada, sister to Augusta.
12. Jas. B. Richardson names —— by Imp. Nonplus, out of Zoraida's dam.
13. G. Edmonson names ch f. *Mary Elizabeth*, by Andrew, dam by Gallatin.
14. P. McRa names ch. c *Equinox*, by Gohanna, out of Janette, sister to Sir Charles.
15. John Woolfolk names ch. c. *Cusseta Chief*, by Andrew, out of Virago by Wildair.

Second day—Citizens' Purse, Three mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.

The rule hitherto preventing horses starting for this race, that were not under 5 years of age, has been altered, so as to make the race free for all ages, carrying weight for age, as on the other days.

Sixth day—Handicap Race, Three mile heats.

The amount of this Purse depends upon the receipts at the gates.

[dec14-6t] JOHN B. IRVING, *Secretary.*

SWEEPSTAKES, RALEIGH, N. C.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to come off over the *State Course*, as follows:—

No. 1. Sweepstakes for Spring of 1840, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., Mile heats. To close 1st March. Four or more to make a race. Now four subs.

J. McLeod. | Hugh Rogers. | David McDaniel. | Maj. N. T. Green.

2. For Spring of 1840. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft, Mile heats. To close 1st March, 1840. Three or more to make a race. Now 1 sub.

3. For Fall Meeting of 1840. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each. $250 ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st March, 1840. Ten or more to make a race. Now 8 subs., viz.:

John White.
Thos. W. Rainey.
Abner Robertson.
Jno. C. Rogers.
David McDaniel.
W. B. Cunningham.
Robt. Chapman, by N. T. Green.
Wm. Townes.

4. Spring Meeting, 1841. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft. To name and close 1st day of Jan. next. Now 8 subs., viz.:

George W. Polk.
N. T. Green.
Jno. C. Rogers.
David McDaniel.
Col. McLeod.
Col. W. Hampton.
O. P. Hare.
W. Townes.

5. Spring Meeting, 1843. Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., Mile heats. Now 9 subs. To name and close 1st of Jan., 1840.

John M. Bryan.
John C. Rogers.
David McDaniel.
Wm. McCargo.
John White.
P. A. Prindle.
Geo. Goodwyn.
David McDaniel.
R. B. Cunningham.

6 A Poststake for 4 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, with $500 added by the Proprietor, Three mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st of March, 1840. To be run at the Spring Meeting of 1840.

7. A Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, Four mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h ft. To name and close 1st July, 1840. Four or more to make a race. Now 2 subs. To be run the Fall Meeting of 1840. DAVID McDANIEL.

Raleigh, N. C., Dec. 4, 1839.—[dec14-3t]

P.S. The Races over the Raleigh State Course will commence on the 4th Tuesday in April next, and over the Waynesboro' Course the 2d Tuesday in April next. D.M.

THE MONTGOMERY (Ala.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the *Bertrand Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 24th of December, 1839, and continue five days.

First day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday, 23d December, the following Sweepstakes will be run for—$300 entrance—named and closed the 1st day of May, 1839:

1. R. B. Harrison names ch. c. *Talley*, by Talleyrand, dam by Bertrand.
2. M. Ashurst names b. f. *Susan Jenkins*, by Sir William.
3. David Stephenson names (for Messrs. Nott & Fearus) f. by Hocopoco.
4. Bat. Smith names b c. *Matcham*, by Chateau Margaux, out of Cinderella, by Shylock.
5. John R Radick and Col. T. Watson name gr. f *Fandango*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Gallopade, by Canter
6. A. M. Jewell and John Duncan name b. f. *Nightingale*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney.
7. Nath. Simmons names b. c. *John Carpenter*, by Pacific.
8. Gen Scott has also an entry in the same race, but it has been mislaid by the Secretary

[sept21] POLLARD BROWN, J. B. TAYLOR, } *Proprietors.*

SWEEPSTAKES, OAKLAND COURSE, Ky.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Oakland Course, Ky., and to close on the 1st of January, 1840:—

1. Great Western Stake, free for all ages, sub. $3000 each, P. P., Four mile heats, to be run the last day of the Fall Meeting of 1840; to name at the Post; three or more to make a race.

2. Grey Eagle Stake, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, P. P.; to run the first day of the Fall Meeting of 1840, Two mile heats; to name at the Post; three or more to make a race.

3. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats; to run the first day of the Spring Meeting of 1840; now 2 subs.

4. The Hotel Stake, free for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, P P.; to name at the Post, the Proprietor adds $250 worth of Plate, Mile heats; now 4 subs.

5. Gold Stake, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft.; the Proprietor adds a Gold Cup value $500, Two mile heats; 20 to make a race; now 10 subs.

6. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft.; the Proprietor adds a Silver Plate, value $500, with the privilege of running a colt; 10 or more to make race; Two mile heats; to run the Fall Meeting of 1841.

7. Breeders' Plate, given by the Proprietor, value $100, for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats. To this Stake no subscription is required; an entry failing to start must pay $20 ft., to be added to the plate; to be run the Spring Meeting of 1840; 5 or more to make a race.

Address the Secretary of the Louisville Jockey Club.

THE SYRIAN ARAB, SHERIFF PACHA.

THIS splendid Arabian was imported by Commodore J. D. Elliott, in the Frigate Constitution, August, 1838. Sheriff Pacha is amongst the finest specimens of Arabian blood ever landed on this continent; he is a blood bay of rich color, 15 hands 1½ inches high, 6 years old; his deep chest, bones, form, and strength of limb, according with M. Sue's description of the celebrated "Godolphin" Arabian, the Father of the English Turf. Sheriff Pacha having, however, superiority in size and color, as also in point of origin, he being a Nedjdi, the Godolphin but a Barb. This horse was obtained by Commodore Elliott from an Egyptian officer in the Staff of Sheriff Pacha, Viceroy of Syria, in the summer of 1837, at Damascus, and was selected from a number in the Viceroy's stable.

Pedigree.—The Pedigree of this horse is in the original Arabic, with a translation attested by the Consular Seal of the American Consul at Beyrout, and is in possession of Commodore Elliott.

(Translation.)

Thanks be to God, the Creator of the Universe. On this day, which is the blessed Sunday, 16th Iemad the first, 1251 of Hagira, Mustafa Aga, of Damascus, has purchased from Hagi Aly the Aleppine, the red horse called Nedjdi Arrawy, very well known to be from the Arabs of Atrah, and to his sire and dam a great many testimonials are given from the Arabs of Dawleh, the neighbors of the Arabs of Atrah. According to the testimony of every one of these faithful witnesses, who have given their names below, and who are honest and true, the said horse is a real Nedjdi, a descendant of his sire and dam the red mare Nedjdi; and he is delivered to Mustafa Aga in good and perfect health and condition, and the price has been paid to the owner to his entire satisfaction. Now the aforesaid horse has been delivered up to the possession and charge of Mustafa Aga as his lawful property. And this present contract has been written in the presence of the persons who have put down their testimony below.

Witnesses to the above—
Ahmed Aga Athman (L. S.)
Abdel Kader Tubbaa (L.S.)
El Shaik Moosa (L.S.)

The foregoing is a true and faithful translation from the original in Arabic. In witness whereof. [SEAL] J. Chasseand, United States Consul.

Beyrout, 2d September, 1837.

Sheriff Pacha will stand the ensuing season at Solitude Farm, 4 miles south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tennessee, at $75 the season, insuring foal. Good upland pasturage for mares gratis, grain fed and groomed $5 per month. Every possible care taken, but no liabilities for accidents or escapes.

J. GRAY SMITH, Agent for the Proprietors.

Solitude Farm, 9th Oct., 1839.—[nov 23]

THE BEDOUIN ARAB, IBRAHIM PACHA.

THIS beautiful Arab horse was obtained by Commodore Elliott from the Neapolitan Consul at Joppa, Palestine, in the summer of 1835, and imported by him in the corvette John Adams, August, 1836. He is a dark iron grey, with a silvery mane and tail, is 15 hands high, and seven years old: he is closely and compactly formed, with elastic and graceful gait, shewing the sinew and muscle so peculiar to the famous Merlano breed.

Pedigree.—The Pedigree of this horse is in the original Arabic, with a translation attested by the Consular Seal of the American Consul at Jerusalem, and is in possession of Commodore Elliott.

(Translation.)

We, the undersigned, do declare that the horse which Mr. Elliott, American Commodore, bought from us, is a Merlano of the Bedouin horses, of the race of Sirbaa, and in consequence, this declaration is written for the Commodore, so that he may be satisfied that the said horse is really Bedouin; in faith of which we give the present affirmation.

Signed Achmed el Said Mastafani.

Joppa, 15 Gerwad Acher, 1252. Achmed el Ebab.

I, the undersigned, do testify that the horse above mentioned, which Commodore Elliott bought at Joppa is a Bedouin horse, of a famous Merlano race, and in consequence I hereby give the present testimonial.

[SEAL] Murad Artin.

Incaricato, as American Consul for Joppa and Jerusalem.

Joppa, 15 Gerwad Acher, 1252.

Ibrahim Pacha will stand the ensuing season at Solitude Farm, 4 miles south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tennessee, at $50 the season, insuring foal. Good upland pasturage for mares gratis; grain fed and groomed $5 per month. Every possible care taken, but no liability for accidents or escapes.

J. GRAY SMITH, Agent for the Proprietors.

Solitude Farm 9th Oct., 1839.—[nov 23]

DURHAM CATTLE FOR SALE.

SHORT HORNED DURHAM CATTLE of pure blood, bred by Charles Henry Hall, of New York, comprising Bulls, Cows, and Heifers of all ages. In point of excellence, the Proprietor of these cattle will not hesitate to compete at any Fair with those lately imported from England, or any other bred in this country. Their size, beauty of form, and milking properties, are seldom equalled.

Some of these animals have taken Premiums, and among them the Gold and Silver Medals of the American Institute, for two successive years.

For terms, examination, and pedigrees, apply to the subscriber at Greenbush, Rensselaer County, where the animals are; or to Daniel A. Webster, No. 67 State Street Albany. WILLIAM DEENY, *Agent.*

Greenbush, Sept. 2, 1839.—[sept7]

MAYSVILLE (Ky.) JOCKEY CLUB.

THE races over the *Beachland Course* will commence in future on the 1st Tuesday in May, and the 2d Tuesday in Sept. [oct26] W. J. STRATTON, *Proprietor.*

STAKES, PICTON COURSE, LIVINGSTON, Ala.

PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, to run Fall Meeting of 1842, Mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 15th of November, 1839. Notes and security are required for the forfeit in all cases.

1. John Nicholls names produce of Columbia Taylor, by Medley, and Imp. Leviathan.
2. Richard Yarborough names produce of Bellona, by Stockholder, and Imp. Leviathan.
3. Wm. E Long names produce of Fanny Hill, by Stockholder, and Jerry.

2. Kinterbish Stake, free for colts and fillies (the get of horses standing in Sumter or the adjoining counties,) dropped Spring of 1840, to run Spring of 1843, Mile heats, sub $300 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st Jan., 1841.

1. Wm. B. Ochiltree names a colt or filly the get of Pactolus.
2. Kader B. Stallings " " " " "
3. John Long names colt or filly, the get of Jerry.
4. Wm. E. Long " " " "
5. Richard Yarborough names colt or filly, the get of Pactolus.
6. James S. Jackson names colt or filly, the get of Pulaski.

3. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yr. old Spring of 1839, to run during the regular Fall Meeting, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race To name and close by the 1st of Sept., 1839

A. M. Jewell.

4. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $500 each. $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

5. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

6. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring 1840, to run during regular Fall Meeting, 1840, Three mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft.; three or more to make a race To name and close by 4th of Jan., 1840.

All entries to the above Sweepstakes must be addressed to the Secretary at Livington, Sumter Co., Alabama, and they will meet with prompt attention.

J. J. JEWELL,
June 23,8139.—[jy 13] Secretary Livingston Jockey Club.

IMPORTED AUTOCRAT.

AUTOCRAT will be continued the next season (1840) at his present stand, within two miles of Clarksville, Tenn. He will serve mares at *Sixty dollars* the season, *Seventy-five dollars* ($75) to insure, and *One dollar* to the groom. Mares will be furnished with good pastures, and well fed with grain at the customary price Every attention will be paid to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability in case of either.

JAMES McCLURE & CO.

N. B. The owners of Autocrat are induced to make this early publication from the circumstance of their having received several applications from gentlemen residing in Maryland and Virginia to obtain his services. And as the arrangements of the company are such as to prevent their compliance with their requests, they have concluded the above to be the most proper means of conveying their intentions.

Autocrat will be limited to Fifty-five pay mares. JAMES McCLURE & CO
Clarksville. Tenn., Sept. 1st, 1839—[sept21-5m]

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843 Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensborough, Ala., four mile heats, on the Monday previous to the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $2000 each, $500 ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of September, 1839.

Jno. J. Burton
Henry A. Tayloe
Rich'd H. Long

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839 Subscription $1000 each, P.P., four or more to make a race.

Henry A. Tayloe.

Sweepstakes.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting, on said Course, the Spring of 1840. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. Stake to close and name 1st day of March, 1840.

Dr. Robt. W. Withers.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the fourth day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, fall of 1839. Subscription $500 each, $200 ft., three or more to make a race, stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Henry A Tayloe
Jno. J. Burton

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, One mile, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers
Col. Jas. Lankford
Jno. J. Burton

WE the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 1st day of October, 1839.

Dr R. W. Withers
J. J. Burton
Henry W. Reese

Nominations to the above stakes are to be addressed to
[June1] HENRY A. TAYLOE, Macon, Marengo Co., Ala

THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse and Imp. Luzborough.
. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19 Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brother of Va. name the produce of Robt. C. Williamson's Imp. mare Pera by Sultan and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times. [F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville J C

SWEEPSTAKES, NASHVILLE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstakes, Mile heats, on the first day of the Spring Races, 1842, with colts and fillies then 3 years old; $300 entrance, $100 ft.; to be run according to the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. H. Kirkman names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Florestine by Whisker.
2. H. Dickinson names ch. c. *Bob Rice*, by Post Boy, out of Mary Smith by Sir Richard.
3. Also, names b. c. *Bill Sims*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Rebecca by Arab.
4. Saml. J. Carter names b. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Nailor.
5. L. J. Polk names ch. f. by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Marshal Ney.
6. W. W. Gift names ch. c. by Imp. Philip, dam by Pacolet.
7. Jos. Monks names ch. f. *Betsey Cheatham*, by Imp. Skylark, out of Henrietta by Sir Archy.
8. S. Donnelson names ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan dam by Sir Hal.
9. Thos. Alderson names b. c. by Imp. Philip, out of the dam of Kenlock.
10. Also, names ch. f. by Imp. Philip, out of Glance by Wild Bill.
11. Geo. W. Cheatham names ch. f. by Imp. Skylark, dam by Arab. [oct26]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union.

THE ALABAMA STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day after the "Peyton Stakes," for colts and fillies then 4 years old, for $2000 each, half forfeit; or $500 if declared the 1st January, 1841; *Three Mile Heats*, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race, the second horse to be entitled to his stake; to close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st of January, 1841, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson,
T. Watson,
Lucius J. Polk,
Wm. Hawkins Polk,
R. K. Polk,
Samuel Ragland,
Nicholas Davis,
Jesse Cage,
Jas. W. Camp
E. H. Boardman,
George Elliott,
G. W. Polk.

The Trial Stakes.

The undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day previous to the "Peyton Stakes," with the produce of mares covered in 1839, for $1000 each, half forfeit, or $250 if declared the 1st January, 1842; Two Mile heats, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. To close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st January, 1842, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson,
Samuel Ragland,
T. Watson,
Willis H. Boddie,
L. P. Cheatham,
Saml. Ragland,
Lucius J. Polk,
William H. Polk, by }
Lucius J. Polk, }
R. K. Polk,
Henry Dickinson,
Alex. Barrow,
Nicholas Davis,
E. H. Boardman,
James W. Camp,
Hickman Lewis,
George Elliott,
Thos. Kirkman,

Wm. Wynn names produce of Victoria and Picton (by Imp. Luzborough).

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to either of the above stakes should address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Jockey Club, Nashville, Tennessee, to whom the nominations are also to be forwarded. [j22.]

NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are open over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence first Tuesday in December.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To name and close 1st of July, 1839. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Y. N. Oliver,
Fergus Duplantier,
Duncan F. Kenner,
W. J. Minor,
George M. Long.
A. L. Bingaman.

Spring Meeting, 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To run at the Spring Meeting of 1840; and close the 1st of January next. Now 6 subs., viz.:

W. T. Minor,
Y. N. Oliver,
Fergus Duplantier,
G. N. Sanders,
T. J. Wells,
A. L. Bingaman.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, subs. $1000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st of Jan. 1840. Now 2 subs.

Duncan F. Kenner names imp. ch. f. by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton.

Address (post paid) [my4] J. R. STERRITT, New Orleans.

SWEEPSTAKE, NASHVILLE.

WE, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies foaled Spring of 1838, at the Fall Meeting of the Nashville Jockey Club, 1841, on the Saturday preceding the Jockey Club Races, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; to close and name on or before the 1st January, 1840. To be run under the rules of the said Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race. Address to HUGH KIRKMAN. Esq., Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club.

J. C. Guild.
Thos. Barry.
James Jackson.
Jesse Cage.
Saml Ragland.
George Elliott. [oct5]

SWEEPSTAKES, CROSS KEYS COURSE, Va.

SWEEPSTAKES for Spring, 1840. To come off first day of the Meeting.—We, the subscribers, do agree to run a sweepstakes, Mile heats, over the Cross Keys Course, with colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, sub. $200 each, h. ft., out of mares that never produced a winner. To name and close the 1st day of March, 1840.

Sampson C. Reese.

Sweepstakes for Spring, 1840.—We, the subscribers, do agree to run a sweepstakes, Mile heats, over the Cross Keys Course, to come off the last day of the Spring Meeting, with colts and fillies then 2 yrs. old, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close 1st day of March, 1840; three or more to make a race.

Sweepstakes for Spring, 1841.—We, the subscribers, agree to run a sweepstakes, Mile heats, over the Cross Keys Course, with colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., the produce of mares that never produced a winner. To name and close the 1st day of March, 1840.

1. James Talley names produce of his Timoleon b. f. and Imp. Priam.
2. Sampson C. Reese names bl. c. by Cymon, dam by Sir Hal.

Sweepstakes for Spring, 1842.—We, the subscribers, agree to run a sweepstakes, Mile heats, over the Cross Keys Course, with colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, to run the first day of the meeting; sub. $200 each, $50 ft., from mares that never produced a winner. To close the 1st day of Jan., 1840.

1. John Ivy names ch. f. by Cymon, dam by Imp. Luzborough.
2 N. T. Williams names produce of an Alexander mare and Cymon.
3. Thos. Payne names ch. f. by Philip, out of Wm. B. Goodwyn's Peggy by Imp. Luzborough
4. Saml. J. Douglass names ch. f. by Cymon, out of Equina.
5. G. A. W. Newsom names ch. c. by Cymon, out of Sally Cobb
6. S. C. Reese names b. f. by Cymon, dam by Sir Hal.
7. James Talley names b. f. by Imp. Priam, dam by Virginian.
8. E. B. Claud names ch. f. by Imp. Rowton, out of Echo by Eclipse
9. W. H. E. Merritt & Bro. names br. c by Imp. Priam, out of Imp. Trapes.
10. Also, ch. f. by Imp Priam, out of Press.
11. Jno. S. Corbin names br. f. by Imp. Priam. out of Arietta by Virginian.
12. Also, produce of a Shylock mare.

The races over the Cross Keys Course will commence on Tuesday, the 21st of April, 1840. Proprietor's Purse $300, free of discount. Jockey Club Purse $500, free of discount, Four mile heats. SAMPSON C. REESE, *Proprietor.*

P.S. Any entries made to any of the above stakes, will address Sampson C. Reese, Boykins Depot, Southampton Co., Va.

Cross Keys, Va., Nov. 25, 1839—[dec 7-4t*]

THE NEWBERRY (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

WILL commence on Thursday, 26th December next, and continue until Wednesday, 1st January, 1840:—

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft.; closed with 4 subs.

1. P. E. Duncan names b. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of a Tonson mare.
2. M R Smith names ch c. *Gov. Butler*, by Argyle, out of Mary Frances by Director.
3. John Gist names gr. f. by Bertrand, out of a Sir Alfred mare.
4. William Eddins.

Same day—Jockey Club Purse, Mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Entrance money of that and the preceding days.

On each of the above days there will be a Sweepstake for unkept and saddle nags. The track will be put in fine condition, and a large collection of good ones is fully anticipated, several stables are already engaged.

The following Stakes are also to come off as follows, a part closed and a part still open, viz.:

1. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1837, to come off Fall Meeting of 1840, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close Fall Meeting of 1839. Now 8 subs., viz.:

John D. Williams.
Myers & Henderson.
P. E. Duncan.
Hazel Smith.
Thomas B. Osborn.
M. R. Smith.
William Eddins.
John Gist.

2. Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1838, to come off Fall Meeting of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; to name and close Fall Meeting of 1840; three or more to make a race; now 3 subs., viz.:

M. R. Smith.
P. E. Duncan.
John Gist.

3. Produce Stakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, to come off Fall Meeting of 1841, Two mile heats, sub. $200 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; closed 1st Feb. last, with 5 subs., viz.:

1. M. R. Smith names produce of Mary Frances, by Director, and Imp. Hedgeford
2. William Eddins names produce of Catherine, by Old Court, and Hualpa.
3. P. E. Duncan names produce of Betsey Barrow, by Harwood, and Young Virginian.
4. Henderson & Fair name produce of Henrietta, by Sir Henry, and Imp. Rowton.
5. James M. Henderson names produce of Sally Halifax, by Timoleon, and Bill Austin.

4. Produce Stakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1839, to come off Fall Meeting of 1842, two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race; closed 1st January last, with 8 subs., viz.:

1. P. E. Duncan names produce of Madeloc, by Young Virginian, and Imp. Tranby.
2. Thomas H. Henderson names produce of Henrietta, by Henry, and Imp Emancipation.
3. M. R. Smith names produce of Mary Frances, by Director, and Imp. Emancipation.
4. Thomas H. Henderson names produce of a Bertrand mare, and Young Virginian.
6. Hazel Smith names produce of Leanah and Imp. Emancipation.
7. Irby & Fair name produce of a Bertrand mare and Imp. Emancipation.
5 William Eddins names produce of Claudia, by Phenomenon, and Hualpa.
8. James M. Henderson names produce of Sally Halifax, by Timoleon, and Bill Austin.

[nov 23] R. STEWART, *Sec'y.*

SWEEPSTAKES, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open, to come off over the *Washington Course* at the Spring Meeting of 1840:—

No. 1. Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $200 ft; four or more to make a race; Two mile heats; to name and close 1st of April, 1840.

No. 2. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race; to close as above.

No. 3. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race; to close as above.

This stake is confined to nags bred or owned in Maryland or the District of Columbia at this time. Entries to the above stakes to be addressed to the Proprietor.

The races over the Washington Course will as usual commence on the first Tuesday in May, and continue four days. Good purses will be offered, of which due notice will be given. WILLIAM HOLMEAD, *Proprietor.*

Washington, D C., Dec. 10, 1839.—[dec14]

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take place every Tuesday and Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock in the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage. ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

S. J. SYLVESTER.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l*., 10*l*., 15*l*., 26*l*., to 1000*l*., (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent per nnum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market drdtes, funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Oders u w e distant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ ll communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector, must be ddres S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

1. *Great Western*, bay filly, foaled on the 28th of April last, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Black Maria by Eclipse, entered in the $150,000 stake to be run over the Nashville Course in the Fall of 1843. This filly combines the stamina and game appearance of her dam with the beauty and finish of her sire.

2. *Darwin*, a ch. c. four years old, of fine size, by Sir Henry, (full brother of Mons. Tonson,) out of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, now in training.

3. Imp. ANNA MARIA, a ch. m. foaled in 1829, fifteen hands 1 inch high, by Trufle dam by Phantom, grandam by Walton, out of Allegranti, by Pegasus Her dam by Highflyer, out of Miss Squeezer, by Matchem, &c &c. See Stud Book. Anna Maria ran with success in Virginia, beating at Lynchburg, in September, 1833, 3 mile heats, Equinox, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Betsey Robinson, Walter Scott, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Fantail by Sir Archy, and three others. Time, 5 minutes 55 seconds, 5 minutes 59 sec. See Volume 5, Turf Register, p. 152. She also won the 3 mile day at Halifax, same year, beating Sir Walter Cook. See same volume, page 263. At the Spring Meeting, 1834, of the Lynchburg Course, she beat a fine field, four horses, Lucy Ashton, among others, 2 mile heats, at three heats, running the two last heats in 3 minutes 51 seconds, 3 minutes 51 sec., carrying 107lbs. At the fall meeting in September, 1834, she was beaten for the proprietor's purse at Lynchburg, 2 mile heats, running second to Tuskeno, in a field of four, she had beaten him the week before over the Rocky Mount course, 3 mile heats, in four heats, running the last heat in 6m, but was beaten herself by Donna Maria, who was first, and by Tristam Shandy, who was second. This race was a test of strength and swiftness; Tuskeno was drawn, and Clare de Kitchen distanced, after the 3d heat. Anna Maria ran a good second in a four mile race with Trifle, and left the turf in high credit. Of her performance it is stated in the Turf Register, vol. 7, p. 453, on the authority of Col. White, who trained and run her, that she beat Pizarro, who beat Goliah, who beat all of his day, even the invincible Andrew. Pizarro also beat Tychicus, who beat Annette, who beat O'Kelly; she (Anna) beat Tyrant, who won at the city of Washington, 4 miles; she also beat Prophet, who beat the Ace of Diamonds, winner at the Central course; also Lucy Ashton, the best of the Gohannas; also Lady Lancaster, who beat Virginia Carey the winner at Baltimore. She beat Red Rover, who beat Bonnets o' Blue; also Sir Walter Scott, the winner of the stallion stakes at Tree Hill. Although she did not run at Baltimore or Tree Hill, she beat the winners at those courses, and so far from her performance being but *decent*, I consider it first rate, as would all impartial men. In speaking of her pedigree, Tattersall declares "a better bred mare cannot be." Anna Maria is now in foal by Imp. Philip.—Her produce—

4. *Harry Hill*, b. c. 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, (Whalebone,) who competing with the best horses in England, was twenty-two times a winner, fourteen of which were four miles, carrying at 4 yrs. old 147lbs., and at 6 yrs. 166lbs. See Turf Reg. vol 6, p. 277. Harry Hill is entered in the great Criterion Stakes, $1000 entrance, $250 forfeit, eighteen subscribers, to be run over the Nashville course in the Spring of 1841. He is a colt of good size, fine form and game appearance.

5. *Chesnut colt*, foaled in the Spring of 1839, by old Rattler.

6. *Columbia*, ch. m. fooled in 1828, by old Eclipse, and dam by Sir Archy, g. d. by Imp Bedford, g. g d. by Imp. Shark, (this mare was full sister to Col. Alexander's O'possum,) Goode's Twig, Fearnaught, Jolly Roger, Mark Anthony, Imp. Monkey. Col. Alexander, of whom I purchased Columbia, informed me that she started twice when 3 yrs. old, and though in bad condition, did herself credit, being second in each race; she was never trained afterwards; a purer pedigree cannot be found. Her yearling filly by Priam has been sold by me at $1000. She is now in foal by Imp. Philip. Her produce—

No. 7. *A Chesnut Colt*, by old Rattler, out of Columbia, by Eclipse.

No. 8. *Magnolia*, b. m., foaled in 1829, by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet, by Kosciusko, g. d. Blank, by old Sir Archie, out of Imp. Psyche, (see Eng. Stud Book, vol. 1, p. 232), by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Bab, by Bordeaux, her dam Speranza (a sister to Saltram), by Eclipse, out of Virago by Snap, her dam by Regulus, out of sister to Black-and-all-Black by Crabb, her dam Miss Slamerkin, by young True Blue, her dam by Lord Oxford's Dun Arabian, out of the D'Arcy Blacklegged Royal Mare. This pedigree is not only unexceptionable, but many of the dams were distinguished on the turf. Magnolia at 3 yrs. old started in a sweepstake, mile heats, at ——, in Georgia, in a field of 5 or 6, and distanced the field the 1st heat, fell lame, and was never trained afterwards. Juliet distinguished herself in a two mile heat race with Frantic and Sea Gull, winning the 3d heat in 3.51½, and losing the fourth by a few inches only. See 3d vol. of Turf Reg., p. 269. She also ran a good second in a 3 mile heat race with the distinguished Mons. Tonson, at Milton, N. C. Her dam, Blank, was distinguished on the turf, beating, among others, the celebrated Walk-in-the-Water, 4 mile heats, at Charleston Bab, the dam of Psyche, had great celebrity as a racer in England. Magnolia is in foal to American Eclipse. Her produce

9. *Tumult*, a ch. c., 3 yrs. old, by old Rattler, fine size, very promising, now in training.

10. *Berenice*, b. m., foaled in the Spring of 1829, out of Madame Tonson, dam of Mons. Tonson, by Sir Archie, jr, a thorough-bred son of old Sir Archie, bred by Capt. Exum, of N. C., dam by Albermarle, grandam by Imp. Mousetrap, out of Dawson's Black-and-all-Black mare, she by Skipwith's Black-and-all-Black, her dam by old Mark Anthony—Apollo—Imp. Silver Eye—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Mary Gray. William Williams, Esq., of Davidson Co, Tenn., the "Crofts" and "Panton" of the Turf Register, states that "the document containing the above pedigree now lies before me, regularly authenticated by oath." See 4th vol. Turf Reg., p. 570. No man had a higher reputation for truth than Capt. Exum, who gave the above certificate. Berenice is 16 hands high, and promises to perpetuate the fame of her dam as a brood mare. She is now in foal by Marshal Ney, a thorough-bred son of old Pacolet, and much in his mould, and was the sire of Linnet's dam Her produce—

11. *Tennessee*, b. f., 2 yrs. old last Spring, by Imp. Felt, the best son of Langar; she is 15½ hands high, one of the most beautiful 2 yr. olds of the season. Tennessee is entered in a 2 mile heat Sweepstake, to be run over the Gallatin Course in the Fall of 1840, $200 ent., $50 ft., 6 or 8 entries now in training.

12. *Irene*, b. f., 1 yr. old last Spring, by Anvil, very large and likely.

13. *Phantom*, b. c., 4 yrs. old, by Gohanna, out of imp. Phantomia, dam of Anna Maria.

14. *Itawamba*, ch. c., 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Tenn. Oscar, g. d. by old Pacolet (Pantanelli's dam), g. g. d. by Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. g. d. by Grey Medley, Barry's Celer, &c.

BALIE PEYTON & Co.
Oct. 19, 1839. [Oct. 26.]

CRITIC FOR SALE.

THE subscriber wishes to sell this thorough bred, and one of the best sons of Eclipse, his engagements not allowing him time to attend to such stock.

Critic received an injury early in his racing career, and was withdrawn from the turf, when he was purchased by the subscriber at a high figure, for his own breeding stud, on account of the purity of his blood, and the excellence of his points. On the Turf he was not distinguished, nor had he a fair chance of being so. He was foaled on the 29th of December, 1829, and according to our rules had to carry one years' weight more than he would have carried, had he been foaled three days afterwards. Again, he was in the hands of a new turfman, who made his debut with Critic and another colt, and although it was acknowledged that he was hard to beat at training a trotter, he became fully satisfied, by awful experience, that it required a different system for a racer. Critic ran six races, from two to four mile heats, winning two and losing four, and receiving forfeit in a seventh.

As a stallion he has had no opportunity of distinction, but circumstances considered, he will not suffer by a comparison with any horse in the country. He has but five of his get living from bred mares. Two 4 year olds, two 3 year olds, and one 2 year old now breaking. The two 4 year olds have been run. One, although thought promising, has not been a winner. The other, Buck-Eye, has run five races. At 3 yrs. old he ran two mile heats, over the Upper Marlborough Course, in sand ankle deep in 5:50—5:49, beating Wonder handily the second heat, but the race was given to Wonder on account of the rider of Buck-Eye (at the instigation of some one in the crowd,) raising his whip to strike him, although ahead, which caused him to swerve from the track about two jumps, passing round a pole standing on a straight stretch, and the only pole on the track, although a circular one. Although Buck-eye lost ground by departing from the track, he thereby describing the arch of a circle while Wonder pursued a straight line, he beat him with great ease. It was offered immediately after to run Buck-Eye against Wonder, two mile heats, for from one to five thousand dollars, and not taken. It is not here intended to detract from the high repution which belongs to Wonder, but to render to Buck-Eye that ample justice which was not accorded to him in the report of the race. He ran last Spring at Trenton, entirely out of condition, and was beaten mile heats. This fall Buck-Eye won the three mile heats at Norfolk in 5:50—5:56. At Washington City in two weeks afterwards, he ran the three mile day in 5:48, winning with ease, but in consequence of the rider of Buck-Eye having violated a rule of the club in running on the outside of the Course in the straight run home, the purse was given to the next best horse, although it was admitted by every one, owners as well as spectators that but for that untoward circumstance, no other horse in the race had any chance. The next week he won the four mile purse of $1000, over the Kendall Course, at Baltimore. The two 3 year olds before mentioned received their first galloping this fall, and have not yet appeared upon the Turf. They are large and promising.

☞It is upon the aforegoing facts that I say no horse in this country has given better assurance of becoming a valuable and successful stallion than Critic. Critic is a fine chesnut over fifteen and a half hands high, with no white except a star and stripe down the face, of uncommon length, bone and substance, is a sure foal getter, and his colts are large and fine.

Pedigree—Critic was got by Eclipse, his dam Shillings' Crop mare, by Eclipse Herod, (the dam also of Joshua,) g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. Grey, sometimes called Little Medley, g. g. g. d. by Tamerlane, g. g. g g. d. by Imp. Juniper, g. g. g g. g. d. by Imp. Morton's Traveller, out of the Imp. mare Selima.

Critic's dam was one of the best bottomed nags in Maryland of her day, and whenever the heats were broken at four miles, she rarely lost. Her sire, Eclipse Herod, ran forty-four races, and won thirty-six, among them the four mile heats at Leesburg, Va., for five years in succession, against Col. Hoomes' best horses. This advertisement has already spread over too large a space. Critic, 10 years old on the 29th of December next, in fine health and condition, is now at the farm of Caleb Dorsey, Esq., near Louisville, Ky., where he can be seen. He will be sold for cash, or upon a credit of one and two years, with approved security. If not sold by the 15th of January, he will be let out in Kentucky, or return to Maryland to make his next season. For terms apply to Caleb Dorsey, near Louisville, Ky., or to the subscriber, directed to Canton, Madison Co., Mississippi.

[nov 23-tjan 15] CHARLES S. W. DORSEY.

The Louisville Journal will please copy the above, and send their bill to the Galt House directed to Caleb Dorsey.

SWEEPSTAKES, MULBERRY COURSE.

SWEEPSTAKES of $200 each, h. ft., Mile heats, for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1839, to be run Spring of 1842, over the Mulberry Course; five or more to make race; to name and close 1st Jan., 1840. Now three subscribers, viz:

1. Jno. P. White names produce of Robt. White's Sir Charles mare and St. Leger.
2. Arthur M. Payne, not named.
3. Wm. L. White, not named.

Sweepstakes as above, for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, sub. $300 each, $1 ft.; six or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Jan., 1841. Now two subs., viz:

John W. Coleman.
Wm. L. White.

Notice.

ALL the subscribers to the Produce Stake to be run over the Mulberry Course Spring of 1841, are requested to report if their entries are alive, their color, whether colt or filly, and all the particulars, that it may be published for the information of subscribers. Direct Secretary Mulberry Jockey Club, Fredericksburg, Va. -tjan11n9ro

MARIANNA (Fla.) J. C. RACES.

THE Annual Races over the *Marianna Course* will commence on the 1st Tuesday February next, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats; three or more to make a race; to close the 1st day of Jan. next, and name at the post. Now one subscriber.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $250, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Ten per cent. entrance. Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to the Proprietor, at Marianna, Florida. D. PITTMAN, *Proprietor.*

Marianna, Florida, Sept. 24, 1839.—[oct 19]

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

N 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European Plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the night. [Mar16-tf

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Dec. 21—Last night of the engagement of M'me CELESTE; THE FRENCH SPY, and other entertainments.

MONDAY, Dec. 23—M'me CELESTE'S Benefit; for the first time, THE ESCAPE OF CHARLES II—THE FRENCH SPY, and other entertainments.

TUESDAY, Dec. 24—SAM WELLER.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 25—Will be revived, TOM AND JERRY; or, LIFE IN LONDON, with new scenery, &c., and other entertainments

Various novelties are in preparation, of which due notice will be given.

CONCERT HALL, ST. LOUIS, Mo.

THE undersigned (Proprietor of the above establishment) wishes to make known to Professional Ladies and Gentlemen, Conductors of Exhibitions of a respectable character, &c. &c., who may be desirous of visiting the city of St. Louis, Mo., that they can be accommodated with the Grand Hall, 100 feet by 40, and 20 feet high—the Lecture Hall, 70 feet by 40, and other commodious rooms in the building, for Concerts, Lectures, Exhibitions, &c., &c., by the night or week, by applying to

WM. L. WELLS, at Concert Hall, Market st., St. Louis, Mo.

Dec., 1839 —[dec21-6t]

MOBILE THEATRE.

THE undersigned are building a Theatre in Mobile, which will be ready to open on Christmas eve. It will be more eligibly situated than their late one, and of greater dimensions. It will accommodate *twelve hundred persons.* Professional ladies and gentlemen will please address the firm at Mobile.

[nov30-3t] LUDLOW & SMITH.

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

CINCINNATI, VICKSBURG, AND NATCHEZ THEATRES, under the direction of Messrs. Scott and Thorne.

The members of the profession are respectfully informed that the above theatres will be open during the ensuing winter.

Application for engagements (post paid) will meet with immediate attention, by directing to the National Theatre, Cincinnati.

N.B. None but artists of acknowledged talent need apply. [sept 7]

Things Theatrical.

It must be confessed that the city of New York is one of the best theatrical places in the world, if a steady patronage of public amusements be the criterion. At this moment, when the city is under a cloud of despondency from the difficulties with which the country has for three years been struggling, we have the Park, the Bowery, the Chatham and the Olympic Theatres open every night; two Circuses are drawing crowded houses and on almost every evening of the week, some Concert is fashionably attended. All the theatres are doing a good business at this moment, if that may, as it should, be called a good business which *pays*, when almost every other avocation involves daily loss.

It is true, however, that the several theatres have not all made money the season through. Immediately after the destruction of the National, there existed a singular apathy as to our public amusements, which told severely upon several establishments. Improvident engagements, likewise, in one or two instances, have involved serious losses, to reimburse which will require the profits of many months. Still it is unquestionably true, that the theatres at the present moment are more prosperous than almost any other branch of business, which is not a little surprising for several reasons. One would naturally suppose that the pecuniary embarrassments of the community would, in the first instance, become manifest in a curtailment of the sums paid for pleasures. But such is not the fact: on the contrary, people now seem to resort to the theatres or the circus, as the poor of London do to oysters, "in reglar desparation." Another great drawback upon the profits of theatres at this season, are the social festivities which are peculiar to it. Parties are commencing in fashionable life, and in other circles the balls have all opened, and night after night the public halls resound with the lute and viol, and "many a youth and many a maid" are thus drawn off from the play house. But there are yet sufficient left to furnish all the theatres with audiences large enough to pay. This was fully impressed upon our minds by an attendance upon several theatres on Wednesday evening last; if managers complain with such houses, it is because they count too confidently upon an entire exclusion from participating in the misfortunes of the country.

The Park.—Madame CELESTE commenced her first engagement at this house on Monday last, in the "Child of the Wreck," and the ever pleasing "Bayadere." This lady achieved at an early day so distinguished a name in this country, that she was able to free herself from that control which a few leading theatres can usually exercise over an actor; she has been able to play just where she has pleased, without fear of losing caste by appearing in a house notoriously vulgar; in consequence, she has made large sums of money. But so long continued had been her preference of certain houses, that it has at last somewhat effected her standing with the public; and such as have been in the habit of attending principally the Park theatre, never seeing Celeste there, and hearing of her oftener at the Bowery than elsewhere, began to believe that she was an over-rated woman, with slight pretensions to their admiration. But for this, she would have drawn better houses the past week. There has been but little over the expenses present on any night thus far, though Celeste never has played or danced better. She is the best pantomimist ever seen in New York; many of her scenes move one fully as much as the cleverest acting, so entire is her command of all the elements of natural eloquence—speaking in the countenance and in gesture. She is a greater favorite in pantomime than in the ballet. She does not *look* the tender devoted and passionate *Zoloe* as did AUGUSTA; there is too much of scorn, of pride and of spirit in her face for that part. Nevertheless, La Bayadere is altogether so perfect a thing, that even if she who may play *Zoloe* be positively indifferent, it must please. The music is the best ever produced by its composer, great as is his fame; all the dances and grouping are beautiful, and the interest of the plot is well sustained. The Park theatre should have derived a useful lesson from its success, which was in a good measure due to the liberal expense with which it was originally brought out.

It will be seen by the bill that, on Monday next her benefit takes place; we hope to see every seat taken. It is now almost time for RANGER's comedy to be brought out: whether the comedy succeed or not, the sooner Mr. Ranger plays at the Park, the better for all parties. In a line, somewhat new, he is an actor of the utmost cleverness—elegant and natural.

The Chatham.—Mr. WALLACK has been playing here the past week to well filled houses. *Rolla*, *St. Pierre*, *Martin Heywood*, and *Dick Dashall* are among the parts which he has played. In all of these, and in several corresponding parts, he has no equal in the world. His comic parts are our own individual favorites. His excellence in several of these is incredible—nature is not more like herself than are his *Rattle*, *Dick Dashall*, and *Bob Honeycomb*; they never tire, however often they may be repeated. In his other and more serious parts, James Wallack still bears no rival; yet does he never present himself so agreeably to us, as in his light, dashing, elegant comedy. It is wonderful how he can, in the midst of misfortune, so transfuse himself in a role so gay and frivolous; it is the art of a first-rate artist.

They need Mr. Wallack extremely on the other side of the water; Drury Lane languishes for an actor of his versatility and his eminence. The London press bears constant witness to this fact, and his failure to perform an engagement, (which was announced in the London papers as having been actually made) is regarded as the greatest misfortune to HAMMOND, who needs all aid in his new lesseeship. Knowing nothing of the plans of Mr. Wallack, and judging only from his former migratory habits, it would not surprise us to find him concluding profitable engagements with our several theatres in the Atlantic States, and then flitting across the ocean to bring up the fortunes of the great house in London, where by the latest accounts, *it was not well* with the management.

Mr. Wallack has been supported in his Chatham engagement by his brother, Mr. HENRY WALLACK, and in this new house, with the two Wallacks, and other familiar faces before you, it is not difficult to cheat yourself into a belief that the old National is in the full tide of successful experiment.

The Bowery.—FORREST has been playing here to good houses. He closed on Wednesday, and KEAN opened the next night. Not having seen them, this record must suffice.

The Olympic.—A very snug little theatre is this, where for one, two, three, or four shillings, as he may choose, a man may get his money's worth of laugh and fun. "The Strange Gentleman," or some such farce, capitally enacted the other night by BROWN, MITCHELL, Mrs. PLUMER and others, cost us a severe side ache from over exertion in our cachinations. The expenses of the house are light, as are the entertainments, ["Her heart and morning broke together?" P.D.] and all will rejoice if this little enterprise should enable those who share in it, to redeem the losses in which they were involved by the calamitous destruction of the National Theatre.

Concert on Tuesday.—On Tuesday next a Concert will be given at the City Hotel, by a family from Boston. Those who have listened to them at some rehearsals at the Astor House, pronounce their performance equal to that of the HERMANNS. The only difficulty we see in the way of great success for them, is in their birth-place; if they hailed from across the salt sea, we might predict for them a crowded house.

Seriously, this family exhibits very rare musical talent, and they deserve a friendly welcome and fair trial; and such, we do not permit ourselves to doubt, they will receive on Tuesday.

THEATRICAL ON DITS.

Yankee HILL has just returned from Boston, which reminds us to speak of his success there, and to add that Mrs. FITZWILLIAM, a great card this season, was to have followed him on Monday evening last, "winds and waves permitting." They did not permit, and, therefore, the Boston boys were excessively annoyed, and nothing but her actual appearance on the following night could have restored their good humor. Wherever Mrs F. goes, the houses are good; we need therefore say nothing more of Boston and its "things theatrical."

In Providence, Miss MONIER yet lingers; others of the late National company have left there and gone South, to appear at Washington and elsewhere. From all accounts, most of them have done very well at Providence; Miss Monier has been a great favorite, but an unpleasant rumor, which has just reached us, creates apprehension as to her fingering all her fair earnings. Providence is not much of a theatrical town, as our readers will readily believe, when told that KEAN played there to $60 only, some nights.

Before quitting the East, we should have said that WILLIAMS—Billy Villiams—is playing at the Boston "National Theatre." Something should be done to secure him in this city, where fun like his is best appreciated.

In Philadelphia, the business still continues "shocking, positively shocking." A gentleman, direct from there, assures us that none of the engagements at either house have paid thus far.

In Baltimore, the Circus is the grand point of attraction. It is not a little surprising how indifferent the Baltimore papers appear to feel towards the stage. The circus is named each day with some interest; yet have several operas been brought out by Mrs. MARTYN, Miss POOLE, and the rest of that company, and elicited scarce a word of comment from any paper save the little "Clipper." This must probably be taken as an indication of the prevalent taste of the town, and yet do we know Baltimorians who would walk miles to hear Mrs. Martyn sing "Fidelio"—an opera, by the way, which cannot be heard too often.

From Baltimore, this company of vocalists proceeded to Washington, where their success was much greater than in the former city. Still the times were unfavorable for them, as during all their engagement, the House of Representatives offered greater attraction than could be found at any theatre.

The VANDENHOFFS open in Washington, we learn, on Monday next. Young WALLACK is there to play with them.

Of the Richmond theatre we learn through advertisement that "La Sonnambula" was to be brought out for the first time in Virginia on Tuesday last; Madame OTTO to play *Amina*, supported by JONES and BROUGH, so well known here in *Elvino* and *Count Rodolpho*. Mr. LAMBERT, of the National Theatre, (and who has been playing at Providence), halted on his way to Charleston, at Richmond, having an engagement offered him by JONES. By the way, Jones has been doing a very capital business at the Marshall Theatre this season; he has introduced several radical reforms into the Virginia theatres, which will ensure a thriving business for some time to come.

From Charleston we learn that at BURTON's benefit there was the largest house assembled ever before known in South Carolina. Burton is succeeded by Miss SHIRREFF and WILSON, who are likewise sure to draw. LATHAM is playing there, and LAMBERT and Miss MONIER are also engaged.

In the West, we come first upon the Pittsburg theatre. Miss CLIFTON was expected there, on a Southern tour; but she was arrested on the journey by severe indisposition. She has been able to reach town again, and is now happily convalescent. The Bayadere was recently "got up" in Pittsburg, in the rarest style. Miss LEE as *Zoloe*, turned the heads of all the "youth" in those parts, with her pirouettes.

Mr. and Mrs. SLOMAN were last at Cincinnati. The theatre there was to be closed for a brief period upon the termination of their engagement, to affect extensive alterations in the house.

At Nashville Mrs. DRAKE and PARSONS were the reigning stars by our last accounts.

The St. Louis theatre closed near the 1st inst, the performances of the last night being for the benefit of "OLD SOL." CONNER, JOE COWELL, and Mrs. FARREN, played on the occasion. The card of "OLD SOL" inviting the attendance of his friends, was in his happiest vein. That would have brought a house. It sounds a little odd to hear of young CONNER playing such a part as *Richelieu*, at the West; but he possesses much cleverness, and is bound to rise in the profession.

The Vicksburg and Natches theatres were not open when last we read of them.

In New Orleans, the Camp Street theatre had been closed, and the St. Charles opened, with the same company and under the same management. On the 1st instant, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. FIELD were there, with BARRETT, PIERSON, BARTON, BALLS, Mrs. DE BAR, Miss VERITY (what Miss Verity?), and others. The New Orleans papers speak of engagements having been made with the Vandenhoffs, Jones, Brough, Mad. Otto, Miss Melton, Yankee Marble, &c. &c., who were to appear in the course of the season.

In Mobile, the indomitable energy of LUDLOW and SMITH is about setting up a new Theatre for them. A Mobile paper says, that "Ludlow," (Smith being with the Company at St. Louis), "is fitting up a large cotton ware house in State street, between Royal and Water, for a theatre. The company is expected in the course of the month when the house, sufficiently large to accommodate some 700 people, will be opened. Ludlow intended widening the building, but some stiff Presbyterians in the neighbourhood, thinking they could block his game altogether, petitioned the Common Council against his making any additions, on the ground that it would endanger the adjoining property. Their petition is granted and that is all the good it will do them. Ludlow made them all sorts of fair offers which they would not accept, and is now, as we said above, fitting up the building on its original size. If there is any danger in a large theatre there must be in a small one, so the sectarians made nothing by acting the part of a certain dog mentioned by Æsop, who took up his lodging in a manger."

If men ever deserved success, Ludlow and Smith do, in this their almost familiar attempt at retrieving losses brought on them by disastrous conflagrations. The secret of their success is their self reliance and unconquerable perseverance.

Something like a Musical Instrument.—A novel organ has been erected by Prince Bancanforte, upon a hill in his park, Messina; it is supplied with wird by a windmill, and can be distinctly heard two or three miles distant.—*Musical World.*

THEATRICAL PROPERTY.

APPEAL OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE AGAINST THE POOR RATE ASSESSMENT.

On Monday, the 29th of October ult. at the District Petty Session of the Strand Union, the following Magistrates were present:—Mr. Thisselton, Chairman; Messrs. M'William, Twining, Barton, Whiskin, and A. Smith. Mr. Corder, the clerk, having read the grounds of the appeal, it appeared that the theatre had been rated at £2,700 per annum. Captain Forbes said he appeared on behalf of the appellants, William Harry Surman, John Salbren Willet, Charles Kemble, and John Forbes, and that his brother proprietors and himself considered the only just principle on which a theatre ought to be rated would be, like all other buildings, as an unfurnished house, and entirely independent of furniture and properties of every description.

Samuel Beazley, Esq., an architect, said he was well acquainted with Covent Garden Theatre, and also with other theatres; that he had well considered the subject; had had much experience in respect to the letting of other theatres, particularly the English Opera House, the St. James's, and the City Theatre, and believed that, as an unfurnished house or theatre, it would be worth from £1,200 to £1,500 per annum; but his professional avocations had been such as to enable him to state that it would be impossible to let a theatre in that state. If furniture were put into a theatre at a per centage, he doubted much whether fifteen per cent. would cover the wear and tear. He was of opinion, that, at the present prices, it would cost £70,000 or £80,000 to rebuild Covent Garden Theatre, and then there would be required about £40,000 more for the properties, in order to furnish it as it is at present. He stated that he had built Mr. Braham's theatre; it had cost £26,000; he did not know what it was at present let for, but was well aware that many unsuccessful attempts had been made as to the letting it; and, though he supposed it was conceived that it would be a profitable concern, he had advised Mr. Braham not to build it. That gentleman had, however, told him it was a whim which he was anxious to indulge, and that he intended to be his own manager—therefore the St. James's Theatre was erected. The English Opera House was built in 1835, at an expense of £35,000; it is not let at present, because no tenant can be found for it. By the lease from the Duke of Bedford the premises forming Covent garden Theatre are held as a theatre, and if appropriated to any other purpose the lease would be forfeited; otherwise, in the event of not finding a tenant, it would be converted into a pantechnicon at an outlay of about £25,000, and then, possibly, it might be let for nearly £5,000 per annum; but that is very doubtful, because large premises of that description have hitherto never answered in London. With reference to the insurance from fire, the difference of charge is enormous, for while, as every body is aware that the expense for an unfurnished building is trifling, the premium for Covent Garden Theatre would be four guineas per cent; and even at that price, after an inquiry at thirteen fire-offices, no one could be found to take more than £5,000 of such property; so that the proprietors are compelled to employ firemen and watchmen to take care of the premises, which is done at an annual expense of £351.

Mr. Edmund Robins's testimony was to the same effect as that of Mr. Beazley; he said Elliston paid £10,000 per annum for Drury-lane Theatre, twenty years ago; and Laporte £7,000 for Covent-Garden, five or six years since.

Mr. Henry Robertson said he was treasurer to Covent Garden Theatre, and received the rent of that establishment; it was for the present season, together with the saloon, let to Mr. Charles Mathews at a rental, which was to be paid nightly, with power to close the theatre whenever he finds it unprofitable; but the maximum of rent which the proprietors could receive would be £7,000. The amount of taxes paid last year was £664 11s 4d., of which the items were as follows:—Parochial rates (including, of course, the poor-rate), £266 13s. 4d.; assessed taxes, £8 14s. 6d.; water rate, £84; land-tax, £280 3s 6d.; sewers'-rate, £25. Witness stated his salary to be £250 a-year; the average annual cost of repairs to be £1,000; for, though in some years very trifling sums were expended, to his own knowledge £20,000 had been laid out within the last 17 years. The rent paid by Mr. Macready, the first year of his tenancy, was £5,440; and a private box of the value of £420, made it as much as £5,860. The second year that gentleman paid £7,000, to which the same private box must be added, making £7,420. Mr. Macready made a claim for the return of a certain expenditure to which he had been put, but the proprietors would not pay it. There are three other private boxes which are reserved from the lessee; they are reserved by one of the proprietors (Mr. Harris). I do not know what they are or have been let for to my knowledge, although I may have heard. The other box is let on a long lease to Lord Holland, who pays the rent but its value is so much depreciated that I do not think it would now let for one-half the amount his Lordship pays. The proprietors retain the power of writing orders of admission, but none of them have exercised the privilege for some time, in consequence of the state of the property, and the lessees themselves having abstained from acting on their right in that respect. The theatre is divided into 16 shares, and the holder of each share has a right to write an order for two persons on every night of performance, but, with the exception of one proprietor, they have abandoned the right. That proprietor being the holder of seven shares would be entitled to write admissions for 14 persons each night, but he does not do so. The Duke of Bedford has a private box, and I do not know that he has ever paid for it. That box is not let to the present lessee.

W. Bradwell, the machinist and decorator, stated the value of the property within his branch, and under his charge, to be from £8,000 to £10,000, and that he considered the whole of it was let to Mr. Mathews; it consisted of almost every thing in creation from the fly to the whale, and the decorations were of every nation, and of all periods.

Henry Slowman proved that, as carpenter, he had property to the value of from &15.000 to £20,000 under his care.

Walter Head, keeper of the wardrobe, said the property in his charge was worth £10,000.

Geo. Buckstone, the music copyist and keeper of the musical library, considered its value to be £1,300.

Geo. Wilson, dramatic librarian, deposed to the value of that portion of the property being about £230.

Mr. Mosley, as the representative of the parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, then argued in support of the rate, and stated that Mr. John Davis Paine, of 57 Lincoln's inn-fields, and Mr. Robert Cantwell, of Great Marlborough-street, surveyors, had assessed the property within the district, and rated the theatre on the principle laid down by the Poor Law Commissioners, and that in their opinion it was as an unfurnished building worth £2,700 per annum. On being called, both these gentlemen stated such to be the value of the theatre, to the best of their judgment. Mr. Paine said he estimated the cost of the theatre to have been £141,728, yet thought it might now be built at a saving of £14,000 from that sum. On the subject of insurance he said that twelve men, with engines and horses, in various parts of the theatre, would effectually and immediately stop any fire that might occur. The Bench consulted for a few minutes, and decided that the rate should be reduced to £2,000.

The Lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, as to the Rate of the same Parish.—Mr. Mosley said that in this case an arrangement had been entered into between the parties that the rating on that part of Drury Lane Theatre, which was in the parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, which had been put at £360, should be reduced to £300. The Bench ordered that the reduction be made accordingly.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839, enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Other Engravings are in hand, and will appear immediately.

The "Spirit of the Times" was established by its present Editor Dec. 10, 1831; the Old *Series* contained Five Volumes. On the 20th Feb., 1836, a *New Series* was commenced, which closed on the 23d of Feb., 1839, comprising Three Volumes; a very few copies of the last two may be had bound at the Office, or they will be sent in sheets to order through the Mail.

☞ Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed by the earliest Mails, to its different Subscribers throughout the Union, the Canadas, and Texas, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission by Ship, to Foreign Ports. Subscribers in Great Britain, France, and the British West India Islands, can rely upon receiving their papers with as much regularity as if residents of this country.

☞ Extra copies of the LARGE ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL may be obtained at the Publication Office at *One Dollar* each; orders enclosing the money will be promptly attended to, and the Engravings, with or without the paper, will be sent to any section of the Union, so enveloped as to secure them from injury.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, $10 in advance. For Six Month's Subscription, $5 in advance.

For Advertising One Square of 22 lines, first insertion $5—Each subsequent insertion $1.

No Advertisements will be inserted for a less sum than One dollar.

☞ Communications, if by Mail, should be addressed, post paid, to the Editor or left at the Publication Office on the Corner of Broadway and Barclay Street, in the American Hotel Basement.

E. L. GARVIN, Printer.